No. 1538—Vol. 59

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

November 22, 1890

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.



LAMENTABLE WRECK OF THE BRITISH SHIP OF WAR SERPENT (173 LIVES LOST), OFF THE SPANISH COAST, NEAR CAPE FINISTERRE.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Now Publishing.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL NUMBER

OF THE

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL

COLOURED PRESENTATION PICTURE,

"BABY'S OWN."

After G. Hillyard Swinstead's Royal Academy Picture.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

The Murderer's Dog	...	George R. Sims.
For His Sake	...	Clo. Graves.
A Daughter of the People	...	John Latey, Jun.
Forty Thousand	...	Geo. Manville Fenn.
Baby's Own	...	H. Chance Newton.
Chowcundra Dass	...	O. P. Q. Philander Smiff.
For Him at Sea	...	Byron Webber.
Message of the Bells	...	Kate Bishop.
Weir Music	...	William Mackay.
The Stage-struck Puppy	...	John George Wattis.
Love on the Rail	...	Howard Paul.

ARTISTIC CONTRIBUTORS.

Sir John Gilbert.	Gabriel Nicolet.
Alfred Hunt.	W. H. Overend.
Thomas Robinson.	F. Mansah.
T. Sulman.	Etc., Etc.

Price SIXPENCE.

Order at Once of your Newsagent or Bookseller, to Secure an Early Supply.

PERSONAL POLITICS

O'Shea v. Parnell.

I suppose I shall have to talk about the O'Shea case, but I greatly dislike the task. It seems to me that we have lately had a great deal too much talk about people's private characters, and that all such investigations are necessarily one-sided, and very rarely give a true account of the whole matter. I neither defend Mr. Parnell nor accuse him. Still, no one can deny that private relationships have a certain bearing on politics, and that it is far better that a man should be exemplary in all the affairs of life than that he should fall short of the standard of rightness in one or two. But all these are more or less moral considerations. They do not touch the question

Whether Home Rule is Right

or wrong, whether the Irish people ought to have Local Government or not, whether Coercion should be continued or not, and, except so far as the Irish people are concerned, they do not touch the present aspect of the controversy. From what I know of the Irish Party and the Catholic Church, I think there is no doubt that Mr. Parnell will be continued as

Leader of the Irish Party.

Their point of view is that they will never get such a fit man, and that they may very well have a worse one. They are attached to him personally, and they believe in him politically with a loyalty which is almost incomprehensible to the colder-blooded Englishman. My impression is that though some of the devout Catholics will no doubt be shocked and be considerably cooled down so far as their personal estimate of Mr. Parnell goes, there will be no schism and no retirement. The Irish papers will refuse to discuss the matter at any length, and the Irish Party will meet on the 25th inst., with Mr. Parnell at their head. That, I believe, is practically settled.

As for Mr. Parnell

himself, he takes the whole thing with his usual cool imperturbability. I saw a close friend of his on Saturday evening, after the report of the trial was issued containing all the worst evidence. He had just seen Mr. Parnell and had a long talk with him. He had hardly touched on the trial. He had talked of all sorts of indifferent matters, such as the noise of the traffic in the Strand, the use of typewriters, and trifles such as men discuss when they are completely at their ease. He then sat down and wrote in his upright cramped hand the summons to the Irish Parliamentary Party, issued on the following day. Since then, I believe, he has hardly opened the matter at all, but his friends are privately assured of his intention to go on as if there had been no Captain O'Shea or Mrs. O'Shea, or any house at Eltham, or any lodgings at Eastbourne, or any letters, or any trial, or anything else but the Irish question. He will appear in his place the same cool, imperturbable man whom one has seen flitting in and out of Lobby corridors and House for the last ten or twelve years.

Captain O'Shea,

by the way, will profit very largely by the result of the divorce case, as he will have about £2000 a year to dispose of by obtaining the custody of the children. The will case, which is coming on, may very probably lift another corner of the curtain which conceals the whole facts of the scandal.

As for the Session,
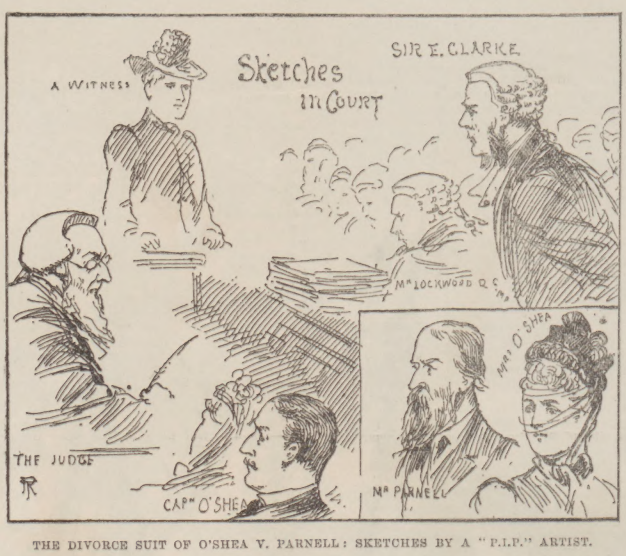
the O'Shea scandal and the issues which it opens up are likely to add bitterness to the struggle, which will commence in a few days. The Irish Party are in no mood for compromise, and if Mr. Parnell will lead them (as I may say without any hesitation he will) it will be as an aggressive party full of fight and of determination to bring off as soon as possible the struggle, which cannot be very long delayed. As to the date of the struggle, it is being generally fixed within the next twelve months. I was talking to one of the leading Liberal wirepullers the other day, and he told me that he expected the election would take place about this time next year. It is in view of that eventuality that all the Liberal preparations are being made, and the list of candidates has extended almost from day to day. As for the Tories, they, of course, do not suffer from the comparative lack of funds which has always been the difficulty with the Liberals since the Home Rule split, and they are therefore, perhaps, in a greater state of readiness than their opponents, especially as they have only to maintain, while the other party has to attack, the position. However, there can be no doubt that, as compared with 1886, the resources and prospects of the Opposition are infinitely brighter, and the fight this time, at all events, will take place between two parties thoroughly prepared and thoroughly keen about the issue.

On the Trail of Stanley.

The Parnell sensation has all but eclipsed the other leading controversy of the hour—the Stanley-Barttelot scandal. But I am afraid there can be no doubt now that the main counts in the charges against Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson must be held to have been confirmed. Major Barttelot's associates all admit his cruelty, though occasionally they use the milder word "severity." As for Assad Farran, he impressed those who saw him at Hull and elsewhere with his truthfulness. On the other hand, it is but fair to remember that Mr. Troup, who knew him, still designates him "a liar." "But," said an old friend to me, while we were discussing this and other aspects of the controversy, "what I can't understand is your astonishment at the conduct of Barttelot and Jameson. I have lived a good part of my life among black races, and I can assure you that what is reported at Yambuya, though an enlarged edition of what I have witnessed elsewhere, has, so far as the flogging goes, its counterpart in all quarters of the world. Indeed, accidents sometimes occur which make things look worse than they are. For instance, I once saw a nigger flogged for stealing bananas. They often were flogged for that or other seemingly trifling causes, and there is no other way of curing them of their worst faults. Well, the doctor looked on the operation, and presently, finding that the man's pulse was very low, and that he looked like fainting, ordered the punishment to be suspended. The man was taken down, and died in a few minutes. The official who ordered the punishment was tried for manslaughter, and properly acquitted. The man had heart disease, and his death arose from pure inadvertence."

I confess I opened my eyes at this. My friend was a Liberal and a man of great intelligence. He shocked me, but, as I have heard other travelled and official Englishmen speak much in the same way, I was not greatly astonished. I answered that, so far from being acquitted, the man should have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, if, indeed, his crime did not deserve a worse fate: that his selecting a man for flogging without inquiry into his physical state was a proof of callous brutality only less shocking than was his acquittal; and so far from proving that flogging was the right remedy, for the offences of the lower races, it simply showed how hopelessly Englishmen left their better natures and the influence of free institutions behind them when they dealt with slaves instead of with free men, and that the whole story threw a hideous light on the history of the making of our Empire. I declared that his whole system of ethics for natives was wrong, and that a friend who had just passed unscathed through the most perilous parts of the Malay peninsula had assured me that he had treated the natives—the most dangerous in the world—with invariable kindness, and had loyalty and good-nature shown him in return. But my friend was not convinced. The most just of men, he could not agree that the rule he would apply to his dealings with his countrymen held good for "niggers." And there we have the root of the Barttelot-Jameson trouble.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.



THE DIVORCE SUIT OF O'SHEA V. PARNELL: SKETCHES BY A "P.I.P." ARTIST.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

FACTS AND FACES.

London by the Sea.

To see the crowded theatres in London this damp and dreary November—to note the vast audiences filling Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, the Lyceum, Princess's, Lyric, and Gaiety especially—few would suppose that Brighton is at its fullest, and that the King's-road bears a close resemblance to the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park during the London Season, so full is it of rich "carriage people." Renovating as a visit to Brighton always is, the trip is particularly exhilarating in the Brighton Season, when the London and Brighton Railway Company's admirable service of quick trains conveys one so rapidly from the dispiriting town to cheerful and recuperating "Dr. Brighton," one of the very best of physicians. In fine, a trip to Brighton is one of the best of cures.

Dr. Hannay.

Nonconformity has suffered a severe blow during the past week in the death of Dr. Alexander Hannay, the Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. To those who do not understand the ins and outs of Nonconformity it may be well to mention that the position which Dr. Hannay held was very much more akin to that occupied by the Primate of the English Church than that of Dr. Benson's private secretary. At any rate, the Secretaryship of the Congregational Union was, in the hands of Dr. Hannay, a position of immense power and influence—a position in which his wonderful tact enabled him to guide the thought and action of large bodies of men. At one time Dr. Hannay was a Congregational Minister, first in Scotland, where he was born, and afterwards in London and Croydon, but he has held his position as secretary for many years, and in it he has been a general favourite. It has been my privilege for a long time, with some degree of intimacy for a long time, and I have seldom come in contact with a more

Fascinating Personality.

With those who knew him but slightly there was an element of Scotch reserve, but to know him in his home or among those with whom he cared to converse was to be brought into contact with one of the keenest intellects, and at the same time one of the kindest of hearts. Then he had the finest head I have ever seen, with hair of silver whiteness, beautiful and venerable beyond compare. One day of my summer holiday was spent in his company. It was in Geneva, the city of Calvin and Rousseau. I remember that his one interest was Calvin. mine was the "self-torturing sophist," Jean Jacques; but there was but little disagreement. The very personification of tolerance, as of all good qualities, was Alexander Hannay. His funeral on Monday last was a very imposing affair. Several hundred deputies, from almost all the religious denominations, gathered to a funeral service at Park Chapel, Crouch-End, of which church Dr. Hannay was for many years a member. Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford; Mr. Barrett, of Norwich; Mr. Guinness Rogers, and Mr. Alfred Rowland officiated, and among those present were the Rev. Newman Hall, Dr. Parker, Dr. Allon, Dr. Clifford, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the Rev. Oswald Dykes—and, indeed, every well-known name in English Nonconformity. And it might well be so, for English Nonconformity has suffered an incalculable loss. Dr. Hannay, cultured, thoughtful, high-souled, and yet skilful tactician withal, has left no one who can fill his place.

The Queen of Violinists.

As Señor Sarasate is the most popular violinist of the male sex, Madame Norman-Neruda (Lady Hallé) may claim a similar fame among lady violinists, and her return to London will be welcomed by thousands of her admirers. She has reappeared at the Monday Popular Concerts, playing as brilliantly as ever, and worthily represents the musical family from which she came. Wilhelmina Neruda is a native of Brünn, in Moravia, her father, Josef Neruda, having been organist of the Cathedral there. Her brother Franz has acquired a good reputation as a violoncellist, but his fame cannot be compared with that of his sister, who has justly been called "The Queen of Violinists," Wilhelmina Neruda when a girl, was taught by the well-known violinist Jansa. Her first appearance as a soloist was at Vienna in 1846. After a tour in the Continent lasting for nearly three years she came to London, and played at a Philharmonic concert in 1849, her solo being a concerto of De Beriot. Her success was great, but there was not the same disposition to applaud lady violinists in 1849 as now, and she was received with greater favour in Paris and Russia. Her marriage with the Swedish musician Ludwig Norman took place in 1864. After further travels she came again to England in 1869, and having played solos at the chief concerts was engaged as first violin at the "Monday Pops." Madame Norman-Neruda became the wife of Sir Charles Hallé on July 26, 1888, and the recent tour of this remarkable pair has been one of the most successful on record. Lady Hallé is an accomplished and charming lady apart from her musical abilities, which have raised her to the highest position. The brilliancy of her style, her fine pure tone, and perfect mechanism cause her playing either in solos or quartets to be a delight to all who hear her, she is free from fuss, display, or affectation, and nothing can be more refined or artistic than her leading of a classical quartet of Beethoven or other great masters.

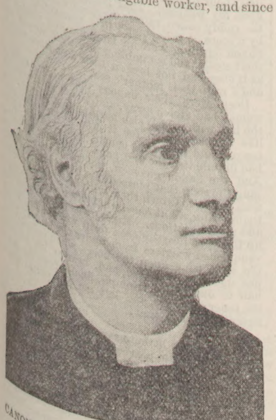
English Musical Tastes.

Rubinstein has made a statement on the Continent that only two per cent. of the English people have musical tastes. Perhaps the great Russian pianist and composer means taste as regards technical acquirements. If he spoke of the love of the people for music, he might have

included fifty per cent. of the population. But it serves to please foreign critics, and to enable them to repeat the ancient "wheeze"—that "England is not a musical nation." It is rather uncomplimentary to some of their composers, singers, and players to say this after the large sums they take out of the country. Even the Royal Choral Society the other night had a German soprano and Russian contralto for a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and they were rather put to shame by the singing of five hundred amateurs in the choir—English, please remember, and giving their services from pure love of music. I cannot help feeling a little indignant when such proofs of English taste come before me, and still I hear the Continental cry, "England is not a musical nation."

The New Dean of Windsor.

Dr. Randall Davidson's removal to the Bishopric of Rochester has caused the appointment of the Rev. Philip Frank Eliot, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, to the Deanery of Windsor. Canon Eliot has been very successful at Bournemouth. He is an indefatigable worker, and since



CANON ELIOT, NEW DEAN OF WINDSOR.
From a Photograph by G. West and Son, 21, Old Christchurch-road, Bournemouth.

he went there in 1867 he has managed to raise some £40,000 for church and schools. He married one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, and this, combined with his impressive eloquence, has, no doubt, influenced her Majesty in his favour. He already holds a Canonry at Windsor. Canon Eliot was born in 1835, and was educated at King Edward's School, Bath, and Trinity College, Oxford.

"Antony and Cleopatra."

The production at the Princess's Theatre of Shakspere's "Antony and Cleopatra," and the appearance of Mrs. Langtry in the chief character, have caused much attention to be devoted to the subject. Mrs. Jameson says there have been two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and four Italian tragedies on the subject, but Shakspere has given the world the finest study of the character because he has not sacrificed truth to nature. The Egyptian Queen is seen as a woman in her ambition, her passion, her frailties, and her fall. Plutarch is rather contradictory in his ideas respecting the feelings of Cleopatra towards Antony. He first states that she held him in such contempt that she made no haste to meet him; but, in the passage from Plutarch which Shakspere paraphrases, we get quite another view of the matter. The description of the progress of her galley on the river Cyndus is marvellously suggestive to the scene-painter and stage-manager. It is one of the plays least likely to be spoiled by lavish display. Shakspere commences his tragedy at a deeply interesting moment. Corneille distorts her character, and so does our English dramatist Fletcher, but Shakspere has chosen the most glowing, brilliant page of Cleopatra's history, making historical events the background to the passion and ambition of the woman. He seized what was really dramatic in the career of the heroine. We have lately seen M. Sardou's treatment of the subject in Paris. He has sacrificed the real grandeur of the tragedy for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, yet the influence of Shakspere is so great, when the vital dramatic effect has to be considered, that M. Sardou has gladly borrowed—without acknowledgment—one of the finest situations of the English play, and but for that his "Cléopatre" would be but a feeble panoramic production, in which the heroine would appear but as a statuesque figure instead of the living, passionate, palpitating creation we find in Shakspere's grand conception.

A Popular Song Composer, Miss Hope Temple,

is engaged in the composition of an opera. This will be welcome news to many lovers of her delightful songs. What this opera is about I may not reveal, as its title is not yet decided by the gifted composer, but I can at least promise that it will be melodious. But Miss Temple is ambitious, and is devoting due attention to the work, which will, we trust, be shortly heard, though I may remark that she is by no means in a hurry, as she follows the sound advice of Mendelssohn, not to be always contented with the first ideas that come to her. Fortunate is the lot of a composer who can write a pretty song, and Miss Temple's are something more than pretty—they are artistic and original in no ordinary degree. Although she is under contract to music publishers, she will not send out a batch of twaddling drawing-room ditties, but aspires to produce something that is fresh in idea. It will be a surprise to lovers of her songs to hear that Miss Temple has written sacred music also, but as yet she has made no great advance in that direction. She is wise to devote herself mainly to a department of musical art in which she succeeds so admirably. If the dictum of the great French composer Berlioz be true, that "the musician unconsciously interprets the life and circumstances surrounding him," this holds good in regard to the songs of Hope Temple, for she has the advantage of spending much of her time in the open air, being fond of boating and rustic rambles. One can almost fancy this after hearing "Sweet September," in which the charm of pastoral melancholy, as Wordsworth calls it, is beautifully expressed. On the upper Thames, in the vicinity of Taplow, Miss Temple may constantly be seen in the summer rowing or sitting thinking out her musical thoughts, with the clouds reflected in the stream and the boat lazily drifting among the reeds and water-lilies. The beautiful songs "An Old Garden" and "My Lady's Bower" owe much of their effect to the reproduction of sweet images of outdoor life, and the dreamy charm that still clings to the pretty old dwellings on the banks of the upper Thames. That there is also something of French vivacity in her style may arise from her early training in Paris, but the sentiment of her songs is English—never more so than in her beautiful setting of Hood's sweet verses "I love thee; 'tis all that I can say." Here words and melody are in perfect accord, and, although these verses have been set to music many a time, their spirit has never been so happily caught as in Hope Temple's ballad. Miss Temple began to write at a very early age, a waltz being her first production.

Miss Marion Terry.

The rendering of the principal character in the new play, "Sunlight and Shadow," at the Avenue Theatre, by Miss Terry, had no little to do with the favourable verdict passed upon the piece on the first night, and repeated performances will, I think, strengthen the brilliant impression then made by Miss Terry as Helen, the sedate sister of Dr. Latimer. I have seldom seen an audience more deeply moved by the performance of a quiet, simple domestic character, and I am inclined to think that the fame of this admirable young actress will be greatly increased by this part. Miss Terry made her first attempt on the stage at Manchester in 1873. She played Ophelia, and in October the same year appeared in London at the Olympic Theatre in "A Game of Romps." More ambitious work was attempted in the following year, when Miss Terry played hero in a revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." Next, at the Strand Theatre, she played in comedy parts, among others appearing in Byron's "Old Sailors," and as the heroine of the same author's "Weak Woman." It was, however, at the Haymarket, in September 1876, that Miss Terry made her first distinct mark as an actress in Mr. Gilbert's "Dan'l Druce." She played Dorothy, and her grace and refinement, combined with decided power of expression, made her rendering of the rustic maiden charming and sympathetic in the extreme. It was seen that she had still something to acquire as an actress, but there could be no question of her natural gifts. She afterwards ventured to play Galatea, and, coming after the remarkable performance of Mrs. Kendal, she was exposed to critical comparisons, but none could deny the charm she gave to the character. Miss Terry also played Zeolide in "The Palace of Truth," and in "The Love Chase" and other plays; she was also the original Belinda in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged," and delighted everybody by her humorous conception of the part. She took the place of Miss Ellen Terry as Olivia, at the Court Theatre, for a time, and has played in a variety of parts, and always with distinction, but for some time past had not been seen in a character worthy of her abilities until last week, as the heroine of "Sunlight and Shadow," in which her most attractive qualities are fully brought out. Singularly pleasing in her manner and appearance on the stage, Miss Marion Terry has a great gift in her sweet and flexible voice.

Mr. Bram Stoker's Novel,

"The Snake's Pass," makes its appearance this week in the handy form of one volume, published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. Well done, Bram Stoker! Familiar in theatrical circles as Mr. Irving's courteous factotum at the Lyceum, Mr. Bram Stoker, M.A., is a genial, blonde Irish gentleman, good-looking himself, and lucky in the possession of a handsome and amiable wife. Mr. Stoker is modest as he is brave and accomplished. It is not so many years ago since a *P.I.P.* Artist vividly portrayed Bram Stoker's gallantry in plunging into the Thames to save an unlucky wight from drowning. I can heartily commend his Irish novel, "The Snake's Pass," as a stirring love-romance, full of the fervour which enchains the interest of the reader, and as a story well worth reading for its natural types of Irish character, and for its humour, racy of the soil that gave birth to Mr. Bram Stoker and so many other bright and sociable men of the mellow tongue.

THE PROMPTER.

While the Queen is residing at Balmoral (says "Atlas") large consignments of butter and cream from the Royal dairy at Windsor are forwarded daily to her Majesty, as well as huge hampers of fruit and vegetables from the gardens at Frogmore, which are probably the most extensive and the best stocked in England.



MUSIC & THE DRAMA

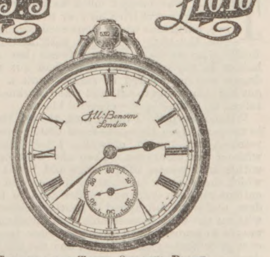


THE mystic land of the Pharaohs manifestly has a growing interest for us degenerate mortals. Witness the large audiences which have assembled in Paris to admire Madame Sarah Bernhardt's *fin de siècle* realisation of Cleopatra as conceived by Sardou. Witness also the large premium offered for first-night seats at the Princess's on the occasion of Mrs. Langtry's courageous appearance in the arduous part of the fascinating Egyptian Queen, of whom silvery-voiced Miss Wallis gave us so captivating a representation during Mr. Chatterton's reign at Drury-Lane. I own there was such an extraordinary rush to see the fair and accomplished "Jersey Lily" as Cleopatra that I couldn't find room at the Princess's; but I promise to look in with a *P.I.P.* Artist in time to present a notice and sketch of Mrs. Langtry's ambitious production.

The Royal Italian Opera season at Covent-Garden continues to be so deservedly successful that if Signor Lago could have prolonged it over the first few weeks of the Parliamentary Session, I have no doubt the grand opera-house would have been fuller still. But Mr. Augustus Harris's fifteen months' lease of Covent-Garden begins in December, when "A Million of Money" may be transferred thereto from Old Drury. Hence, next week will be the last of Signor Lago's too brief season. So I counsel all true music-lovers to hasten to Covent-Garden if they would enjoy the excellent lyric performances Signor Lago has provided. Truly colossal has been the Lago Company in performing so many grand operas in a masterly manner in such a brief period. How well the orchestra (under the skilful guidance of Bevignani or Arditi) has co-operated with the principals and chorus has been proved over and over again. It was especially observable the night Mdme. Albani made her first appearance as Valentina in "Les Huguenots," and won the enthusiastic applause of a thronged house. It was similarly notable when M. Maurel won our admiration as Rigoletto. Likewise when Miss Ella Russell sang and played to perfection as Elsa in Wagner's "Lohengrin," and was so exceptionally well mated with a poetical Lohengrin in Signor Perotti, only second to Jean de Reszké, with an unsurpassable Ortruda in Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli (histrionic genius as well as prima donna), and with such capital representatives of the two other leading parts in Novara and Galassi. For the rest, I am just glancing over Mr. John P. Jackson's erudite and appreciative English introduction to "Tannhauser" before going to Covent-Garden to hear that grand lyric allegory of life anew.

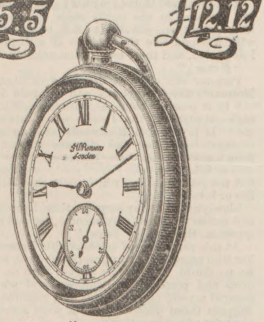
The new serious play at the Shaftesbury, "The Pharisee," by Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, was welcomed with hearty applause as an able attempt to deal with a social problem of an unsavoury nature on the stage. I own I prefer to be cheered and enlivened at the theatre. On the other hand, there are hosts of people who say, "Give me a good cry!" at the playhouse. For the latter numerous class, "The Pharisee" may be strongly recommended. The lachrymose predominates in it. The tearful keynote, so precious to some, is struck by the opening chords of the overture. The knowing ones are not deceived when the curtain rises on a scene of seemingly perfect domestic happiness, for they guess that the almost cloying affection of Mr. and Mrs. Landon for one another does but presage grave connubial differences. The blow falls when Lord Helmore, stricken with heart disease or consumption, and looking a fit patient for Dr. Koch, arrives at Geoffrey Landon's house, and confides to him the secret that he had betrayed a girl, whom he entreats Landon, as his friend, to find, in order that his Lordship may make reparation. But the mischief of it is that Landon himself has married the late mistress of Lord Helmore, believing at the time that she was a pure woman. This is a pretty position for Mrs. Landon, a really happy married woman, to find herself in. She had entrusted to her ne'er-do-well father, Captain Dareil, the task of "revealing all" to Landon, and concluded he had done so before their marriage; but to have done this would have spoilt the money-making game of the unprincipled Captain. Hence these tears! As Kate Landon, Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis shines in a part that suits her emotional style to a nicety. In the remarkably effective situations where the poor woman, more sinned against than sinning, first discovers the presence of Lord Helmore under the roof of her own house, then has to undergo the ordeal of meeting him in the superbly dramatic scene at the close of the second act, and finally endures the scorn of her enlightened husband, only to be solaced the more by his noble forgiveness—Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis is at her best. This charming and gifted actress should be seen by all lovers of really good acting in this fine part. She was well seconded by Mr. Herbert Waring and Mr. Lewis Waller as the husband and as Lord Helmore. The comedy element in "The Pharisee" was in the capable hands of M. Marius, Miss Sophie Larkin, and Miss Marion Lea, the comic courting of Marius as the adventurer in love with Sophie Larkin's money-bags being keenly relished. Mr. Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis richly merited the special call they received when "The Pharisee" ended, amid very hearty applause.—THESPIS.

J. W. Benson's
LADY'S "LUDGATE"
In Silver Cases, £5.5 WATCH In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £10.10



Best London-made Three-Quarter Plate English Lever, fully Jewelled,
Chronometer Balance, Enlarged Barrel.
Patent Dust and Damp Proof Ring Band.
Specially recommended for Ladies' wear.
An Exact Timekeeper. Thousands have been sold.
The Cheapest and Best English Lever, and absolutely the Best Value made.
Price **£10 10s.**, in massive 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases.
In Sterling Silver Cases, **£5 5s.**
Performance warranted.
Sent free and safe to all parts of the World.

J. W. Benson's
"LUDGATE" WATCH.
The Strongest, Best, and Cheapest English Lever ever made for **£5 5s.**
Unequalled for Accuracy, Durability, and Value.
In Silver Cases, £5.5 In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £12.12



BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH.
Best London-made Three-Quarter Plate English Lever, Jewelled throughout, Chronometer Balance, Enlarged Barrel, Patent Dust and Damp Proof Ring Band.
Keeps better time than, and is double the Strength and Value of, any £5 5s. Watch yet made.
In Three Sizes. Small (as illustrated) for Gentlemen and Youths. Medium for Working Men generally, and Large for Miners and Railway Men.
In Massive Sterling Silver Cases, with Crystal Glass, **£5 5s.** In 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, Gentlemen's size, **£12 12s.** Performance Warranted.
TESTIMONIALS from THOUSANDS of WEARERS.
Sent free and safe, at our risk, to all parts of the world.

BENSON'S PAMPHLET, the Largest and best of its kind containing nearly 200 pages of Prices and Illustrations of every class of WATCHES, from £2 2s., CLOCKS, CHAINS, JEWELLERY, and PLATE. Sent post free on application to

J. W. Benson Estab. 1749.
MAKER TO H.M. THE QUEEN & ROYAL FAMILY.
THE STEAM FACTORY,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;
and at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.;
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., LONDON.
Benson's Clubs.—Applications for Agencies invited.

Tobacconists Commencing.—Illd. Guide (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—Hy. Myers. Estab. 1866.—[Advt.]

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[Advt.]

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER V. (*Continued*).

THERE was naught much to tell you of this evening, but it lives for ever in my memory for one particular which consorted strangely with the thoughts the flight with and rescue of Editha had aroused. I had found her a roomy hollow in the rocks, and there had cut with my dagger and made a bed of rushes, built a fire, and got her some roots to eat, and when darkness fell we talked for a time by the cheerful blaze.

Without surprise I heard that, though true Saxon in name and face, there was some British blood in her veins—a fact, indeed, of which I had been certain without her assurance. Then she went on to tell, with tearful pauses, of the home and broad lands of which she was now lady paramount, as well as of the gallant kinsmen lying out yonder dead in the night dew, and wept and sighed in gentle melancholy, yet without the wild, inconsolable grief latter times have taught to women, until presently those tearful blue eyes grew heavier and heavier, and the shapely chin dropped in grief and weariness upon her white breast, and Editha of Voewood slept in the hands of the stranger.

Then I went out and looked at the blackness of the night. Over the sombre forest the shadowy pall of the evening was spread, and a thousand stars gleamed brightly on every hand. Very still and strange was that unbroken fastness after the red turmoil of yesterday, with nothing disturbing the silence but the cry of an owl to its mate across the coppices, the tinkle of a falling streamlet, and now and then the long, hungry howling of a wolf, or, nearer by, the sharp barking of the foxes. I fed my horse, then went in and pulled the fire together, and fell a-ruminating, my chin on my hands, upon a hundred episodes of happiness and fear.

"O strange eternal powers who set the goings and comings of humanity, what is the meaning of this wild riddle you are reading me?" I said presently to myself. "O Hapi and Amenti, dark goddesses of the Egyptians—O Atropos, Lachesis, Clotho, fatal sisters whom the Romans dread—Mista, Skogula, Zernebock, of these dark Saxon shadows—why am I thus chosen for this uncertain immortality, when will this long drama, this changeful history of my being, end?"

As I muttered thus to myself I glanced at the white girl sleeping in the ruddy blaze, and saw her chest heave, and then—strange to tell, stranger to hear—with a sound like the whisper of a distant sea, her lips parted, and there came unmistakably the word—

"Never!"

Perhaps she was but dreaming of that amorous Norman's fierce proposals, and so again I mused.

"Is it possible some unfinished spell of that red high-priestess of the Druids plays this sport with me? Is it possible Blodwen's abiding affection—stronger than time and changes—accompanies me from age to age in these her sweet ambassadors for ever crossing my path? Tell me, you comely sleeper, tell me your embassy, which is it that lasts longest, life or love?"

Slowly again, to my surprise, those lips were parted, and across the silent cavern came, beyond mistake or question, the word—"Love!"

At this very echo of my thoughts I stared hard at her who answered so appropriately, but there could be no doubt Editha was asleep, with an unusually deep and perfect forgetfulness, and when I had assured myself of this it was only possible for me to suppose those whispered words were some delusion, the echo of my questioning.

Again I brooded, and then presently looked up, and there—by Thor and Odin! 'twas as I write it—between me and the bare earth and tangled rootlets of the cavern side, over against the fitful sparkle of the fire, was a thin impalpable form that oscillated gently to the draughts creeping along the floor, and grew taller and taller, and took mortal air and shape, and rose out of nebulous indistinctness into a fine ethereal substance, and was clothed and visaged by the concentration of its impalpable material, and there at last, smiling and gentle, in the flicker of the camp-fire, the grey shadow of my British Princess stood before me!

That man was never brave who has not feared, and then for a moment, I feared, leaping to my feet and staggering back against the wall under the terrible sweetness of those eyes that burnt into my being with a relentless fire that I could not have shunned if I would, and would not if I could. For some time I was thus motionless and fascinated, and then the gentle shadow, who had been regarding me intently, appeared to perceive the cause of my enthralment, and lifting a shapely arm of lavender-coloured essence for a minute veiled the terrible bewitchment of her face. Shrewd, observant shadow! As she did so I was myself again—my blood welled into my empty veins, my heart knocked fiercely at my ribs, and when Blodwen lowered her hand there seemed to me endless enchantment but nothing dreadful in the glance of kindly wonder with which her eyes met mine.

Surely it was as strange an encounter as ever there had been—the little rocky recess all ruddy and shadowy in the dancing flames; the silent white Saxon girl there on the heaped-up rushes, her breast heaving like a summer sea with a long smooth undulation; and I against the stones, one hand on my dagger and the other outspread fearful on the wall, scarce knowing whether I were brave or not, while over against the eddying smoke—calm, passive, happy, immutable, was that winsome presence, shining in our dusky shelter with a tender violet light, such as was never kindled by mortal means.

When I found voice to speak I poured forth my longings and pent-up spirit in many a reckless question, but to all of them the Princess made no answer. Then I spread my arms and thought to grasp her, and ever as they nearly closed upon her she moved backwards now here and now there, mocking my foolish hope and passing impalpable over the floor, always gentle and compassionate, until the uselessness of the pursuit at last dawned upon me, and I stood irresolute.

I little doubt that immaterial immortal would have mustered courage or strength to speak to me presently, but the sleeping girl sighed heavily at this moment and seemed so ill at ease that, without a thought, I turned to look at her. When my eyes sought the opposite side of the fire again the presence was not half herself: under my very glance she was being absorbed once more by the dusky air. To let her go like that was all against my will, and, leaping to those printless feet, "Princess! Wife!" I called, "stay another moment!" and as I said it I swept my arms round the last vestige of her airy kirtle, and drew into my bosom an armful of empty air!

She had gone, and not a sign was left—not a palm's breadth of that lovely sheen shone against the wall as I arose ashamed from my knee and noticed Editha was awaking.

"My kind protector," said that damsel, "I have been feeling so strange—not dreaming quite, but feeling as though someone were borrowing existence of me, yet leaving in my body the blood and pulse of life. Now how can this be? I must surely have been very tired yesterday."

"No doubt you were, fair franklin," I answered. "Yesterday was such a day as well excuses your weariness. Sleep again, and when the sun rises in an hour you shall rise with it as fresh as any of the little birds that already preen themselves." So she slept—and presently I too.

* * * * *

All the next day we rode on through endless glades and briery paths towards Editha's home, and as we went, I afoot and she meekly perched upon our mighty Norman charger, I wooed her with a brevity which the times excused, and poured my nimble lover wit into ears accustomed only to the sluggish flattery of woodland thanes and princely swineherds. And first she blushed and would not listen, and then she sighed and switched the low wet boughs of oak and hazel as we passed along, and then she let me say my say with downcast, averted eyes, and a sweet reluctance which told me I might stoutly push the siege.

As we went we picked up now and then a straggling soldier or two from the fight behind us, and now and then a petty chieftain joined us, until presently we wound through the bracken towards Voewood, a very goodly train.

Editha had got a palfrey and I my horse again; but as she neared her home the thought of its desolation weighed heavier and heavier upon her tender nature. She would not eat and would not speak, and at last took her to crying, and so cried until we saw, aglint through the oak-stems, a very fair homestead and ample, with broad lands around, and kine and deer about it, and all that could make it fair and pleasant. This was her Voewood; and when the servants came running to meet us (knowing nothing of the fight or its results, and thinking we were their master and his sons come again) with waving caps and shouts of pleasure, it was too much for the overwrought girl. She threw up her white hands, and, with a cry of pain and grief, slipped fainting from her palfrey before us all.

Then might you have seen a score of saddles featly emptied to the service of the heiress! Down jumped Offa the Dane, whose unchanged doublet was still red to his chin with mud and Norman gore. Down jumped Edred and Egbert, those blue-eyed brothers who had left their lands by the northern sea a month ago to follow Harold's luckless banner; Torquil the grim, and Wulfhere of the white beard, sprang to the ground; and Clywin the fair Welsh princeling, and his shadow Idwal ap Cynan, the harper-warrior, vaulted to their feet—spent and battle-weary as they were, with many another. But, lighter and quicker than any of them, Phra the Phœnician had leapt to earth, and stood there astride of the senseless girl, his hand upon his dagger-hilt, and scowling round that soldier circle wrathful to think that any other but he should touch her!

Then he took her up, as if it were a mother with a sleeping babe, and the serfs uncapped and stood back on either hand, and the grim warriors fell in behind, and so Editha came home, her loose arms hanging down and her long bright hair all adrift over the broad shoulders of the strangest, most many-adventured soldier in that motley band.

CHAPTER VI.

When I come to look back upon that Saxon period, spent in the green shades of my sweet franklin's homestead, it seems, perhaps, that never was there a time so peaceful before in the experience of this passion-tossed existence! We hunted and we hawked, we feasted and we lay abask in the sunshine of a jolly idle life all these luxurious months, drinking scorn and confusion amid our nightly flagons to remote care and (as it seemed) remoter Normans.

But first to tell you how I won the right to lord it over these merry Saxon churls and dissolute thanes. Editha had hardly come to her home and dried, in a day or two, her weeping eyes, when all the noble vagrants from yonder battle were up in arms to woo her. Never was maid so sued! From morning till night there was no rest or peace. From the uppermost bower looking over the fair English glades, down into the thickets of nut and hazel, the air reeked of love and petitions. The mighty Dane, like a sick bear slept upon her curtained threshold and growled amorousness into her timid ear before the sun was up. The Welsh Prince wooed her all her breakfast time, and his tawny harper spent many a golden morning in outlining his noble patron's genealogy. In faith—ap Tudor, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap Hugh, and I know not how many others, it seemed all had a hand in the making of that paragon—but Editha blushed and said she feared one Saxon girl was all too few for so many. They besought her up and down, night and morning, full and empty, to wed them. The English Princelings dogged her footsteps when she went afield, and Torquil and Wulfhere, those bandaged lovers, were ready for her with sighs and plaintive proposals when she came flitting, frightened and fearful, home through the bracken.



The grey shadow of my British Princess stood before me.

How could this end but in one way for the defenceless girl? She was sued so much and sued so hot that one day she came creeping like a hunted animal to the turret nook where I sat brooding my fortunes, and timorous and shy begged me to help her. I stood up and touched her yellow dishevelled hair, and told her there was but one way—and Editha knew it as well as anyone—and had made her choice and slipped into my arms and was happy.

There was as noisy a wedding as ever had been in Voewood. Editha freed a hundred serfs, and all day long the noise of files on their iron collars echoed through her halls. She fed at the door every miscreant or beggar who could crawl or hobble there, and remitted her taxes to a score of poorer villains.

In the hall such noisy revellers as the rejected suitors surely never were seen. They began that wedding feast in the morning, and it was not finished by night. To me, who had so lately supped amid the costly detail, the magnificent and cultivated license of a patrician Roman table, these Saxon rioters seemed scrambling, hungry dogs. Where Electra would taunt her haughty courtiers over loaded tables which the art of three empires had furnished, firing her cruel witty arrows of spite and arrogance from her rose-strewn couches, these rough uncivil woodland Peers but wallowed in their ceaseless flow of muddy ale, gorged themselves to sleep with the gross flesh of their acorn-fed swine, and sang such songs and told such tales as made even me, indifferent, to scowl upon them and wonder that their kinswoman and her handmaids could sit and seem unwotting of their gross, obscene, and noisy revels.

And late that night blood was nearly spilt upon the oaken floor of Voewood. The thanes had fairly pocketed their disappointment, but now, deep in drink and stuffed with food and courage, they began to eye me and my thin-hid scorn askance, and then, presently, like the mutter of a quick-coming storm, came the whisper, "Why should she fall to the stranger? Why? Why?" It flew round the tables like wildfire, and half-emptied beakers were set down, and untasted food stopped on its way to the mouth, and then—all on a sudden, the drunken chiefs were on foot advancing to the upper table, where I sat by Editha's right hand, their daggers agleam in the torchlight shining upon their red and angry faces as they came tumbling and shouting towards us, "Death to the black-haired stranger! Voewood for a Saxon! Why should he win her?"

'Tis not my fashion to let the foeman come far to seek me, and I was up in an instant—overturning the table with all its wines and meats—and, whipping out my sword, I leapt into the middle of the rushy space before them.

"Why?" I shouted. "Why? you drunken Norman-beaten dogs! Why? Because, by Thor and Odin! by all the bones of Hengist and his brother! I can throw a straighter javelin, and whirl a heavier sword, and sit a fiercer steed than any of you! Why? Because my heart is stronger than any that ever beat under your dirty scullion doublets! Why? Because I scorn, and spit upon, and deride you!"

It was braggart boasting, but I noticed the Saxons liked their talk of that complexion. And in this case it was successful. The Princes stood hesitating and staring as I towered before them, fiery and disdainful, in the red gleaming banquet lights; until presently the youngest there burst into a merry laugh to see them all thus at bay, chewing the hilts of their angry daggers, and each one waiting for his neighbour to prove himself the braver, by dying first upon my weapon. That laugh had hardly reached the ruddy oaken rafters overhead when it was joined by a score of others, and in a moment those wilful Saxon lordlings were all laughing and jerking back their steels, and scrambling into their supper places as if they had not broken their fast since morning, and I were their mother's son.

Deep were their flagons that night, after the women had stolen away, and Idwal ap Howell filled the hall with wild Welsh harping that stirred my soul like a battle-call; for it was in my dear British tongue, and full of the colour, light, and the life that had illuminated the first page of my long pilgrimage. And the Saxon gleemen, not to be outdone, each sang the song that pleased him best; and the Welshman strove to drown them with his harping; and the thanes sang, all at once, whatever songs were noisiest and most licentious. Mighty was the fire that roared up the open hearthplace; deep was the breathing of vanquished warriors from under the tables; red was the spilt wine upon the floor—when presently they put me upon a tressel, and, bearing me round the hall in discordant triumph, finally bore me away to the inner corridors, and left me at a portal where I never yet had entered!

There is but little to say of that quiet Saxon rest that befell me in pleasant Voewood. Between each line I pen you must suppose an episode of pleasure. In the springtime, when the woods were shot with a carpet of blue and yellow flowers, we lay abasking in the sunny angles or rode out to count our swine and fallow deer. In the summer, when all Editha's mighty woodlands were like fair endless colonnades, we basked amid the flickering shadows and watched the sunny sheen upon the treetops, to the orchestra of little birds. And Autumn, that touched the vassals' corn-clearings with yellow, saw my proud Norman charger grow fat and gross with new grain. September rains and mist rusted my silent weapon into its sheath, even winter, that heard the woodman's axe upon the forest trees, and saw bird and beast and men and kine draw in to the gentle bounty of my white-handed lady, was but a long inglorious holiday of another sort.

Many and many a time, i' those merry months, did this Phœnician laugh to his mirror to see how fitly he could wear upon his Eastern-British-Roman body the Danish-Saxon-English tunic! It was all of fine linen the franklin's own fair fingers had spun, and pointed and tasselled and particolour, and his legs were cross-gartered to his knees, and his little luncheon-dagger hung by his jewelled belt, and a fillet of pure English gold bound down the long black locks that fell upon his shoulders. Every morning Editha combed them out with her silver comb, and double-peaked his beard, kissing and saying it was the best in all Voewood. He had more servants then necessities in those times, and almost his only grievance was a lack of wants.

The Normans for long had left us wholly alone, partly through the usurper cunning which prompted our new tyrant to deal gently with those who had stood in arms against him, but principally in our case since the strong tide of invasion had swept northward beyond us, and Voewood slept unharmed, unnoticed among its green solitudes—a Saxon homestead as it had been since Hengist's white horse first flaunted upon an English breeze and the seven kingdoms sprang from the ashes of old Roman Britain.

So we lived light-hearted from day to day, forgetting all about the battle by Senlac, and drinking, as I have said, in our evening wassails confusion and scorn of the invaders who seemed so distant. It was a good time, and I have little to note of it. Many were the big boars which died upon my eager spear down in the morasses to the southward, and I came to love my casts of tiercelets and my hounds as though I had been born to a woodman's cape and had watched the fens for hernshaws and followed the slot of wounded deers from my youth upwards.

All these things led me into many a wild adventure and many a desperate strait; but one of them stands out from the rest upon the crowded pages of my memory. I had, one day when Editha was with me, mounted as she would upon her palfrey, slipped the dogs upon a stag an arrow of mine had wounded in the foreleg, and, excited by the chase and reluctant as ever to turn back from an unaccomplished purpose, we followed far into the unknown distances, and all beyond our reckonings. I had let fly that shaft at midday, and at sundown that stag was still afoot, the dogs close behind him, and I, indomitable, muddy, and torn from head to foot, but with all the hunter's instinct hot within me, was pressing on by my Saxon bridle rein. Endless, rough, and tangled miles had we run and scrambled in that lengthy chase, and neither of us had noticed the way, or how angry the sun was setting in the west.

Thus it came about that when the noble hart at length stood at bay in the lichened coverts under a bushy crag, there was hardly breath in me to cheer the weary dogs upon him, and hardly light enough to aim the swift thrust of my subduing javelin which laid him dead and bleeding at our feet. Yes, and before I could cut a hunter's supper from that glossy haunch the dome of the sky closed down from east to west, and the first heavy drops of the evening rain came pattering upon the leaves overhead. Thor! how black it grew as the wind began to whistle through the branches and the murky clouds to fly across the face of the sombre heaven, while neither east nor west could any limit be seen to the interminable vastnesses of the endless woodlands! In vain was it we struggled for a time back upon our footsteps, and then even those were lost; and, as the

...in the east burnt an angry yellow for a moment ...the remorseless night set in, it gave us just ...to see we were hopelessly mazed in the laby- ...rinth of the huge and lonely forest.

After thus we turned to take such shelter as ...offer, and that gleam shone for a moment ...yellow, and ghastly upon a cluster of grey ...standing on a grassy mound a quarter of a ...away. Thither we struggled through the black ...of the storm, the headlong rain whistling ...through the misty thickets like flights of innumer- ...able arrows, the angry wind lashing the treetops into ...roaring complaining, and waving abroad (in the sodden ...twilight) all the long beards of goblin lichens ...hung in ghostly tapestry across our path that ...October evening.

Reaching and plunging to the shelter through a ...world of tangled witnesses, with that mocking ...behind and shining like a window of the nether ...and overhead a gaunt, hurrying array of ...forms, we are presently upon the coppice ...and there I stopped as though I had grown ...to the ground before that great gaunt amphitheatre of ...trees and stared and stared before me as though ...in a dream. I rubbed my eyes and pointed ...trembling silent finger, and looked again and ...while the Saxon girl crouched to my side, and ...her head, whined and shivered at my feet, for ...was invisible! monstrous!—yellow and shining in ...fateful decision of the twilight, stern, hoary, ...—overthrown and piled one upon ...of the woodland growth, swathed in the ...mists which gave a horrid life to their cruel, ...dead bones, were the stones, the very stones of ...Druid altar-place upon which I was sacrificed ...a thousand years before!

...welcome! Here was a cheerful ...What man ever born of a woman who ...have been dazed and dumfounded at this ...confronting—this extraordinary reminiscence ...long-forgotten? It overwhelmed for the ...even me—me, Phra the Phœnician, to whom ...filled with the infinite, and have been a melan- ...visitor of Time itself. Even me, who never ...to live, yet live endlessly by my very negli- ...who have received from the gods that gift of ...that others ask for unanswered.

...stood there as stolid and grim as any ...the dear one by my side. Her nestling ...rested one by my side. Her nestling ...contentment, and seeing no respite in the yellow ...in the night over my shoulder, I took the hand ...some with such gentle trust, and, with a ...feeling of awe, led her into the magic circle ...old religion.

...altar of my dispatch was still there in ...but time and forest creatures had worn ...under that mighty slab a little chamber, ...with that vast flagstone and sided by its three ...a space perhaps no bigger than the cabin ...great reluctant boulders behind us, while the ...hundred round, and, loth to lose us, sought ...there, piping in strange keys among those ...down every crevice of our wild retreat. ...and Pan are sisters, and the little needs ...fulfilled in every hour. I comforted ...for a rough couch of the ...upon the floor, stuffing up the crannies ...with some charcoal ...this latter I effected with some charcoal ...of wood that lay upon an old ...in the centre of the chamber, and ...going with a little store of wood which the ...wanderer had gathered in one corner but ...use. More: not only did we mend our ...by a ruddy blaze that danced fantastic- ...walls and set our reeking ...side of the hearth for Editha, and found ...myself, and soon those venison steaks were ...unwittingly upon the glowing embers, and ...suggestive fragrance of our supper. ...were made and ready in that time. We ...and conveniently that night, carving ...fingers, as though we sat in state at ...table of distant Voewood and ...hall upon three hundred ...bondsmen. And Editha laughed ...merriment, while now and then my ...would wander, and I heard again in the ...whistling the scream of the hungry kites ...between me die, and in the lashing of the ...the clamour and the beating of the British ...who remained around this very place to drown my dying ...

...good food and the warmth and a long day's ...and brought my fair mistress's head upon her ...presently she was lying upon the withered ...in the corner, a fair white flower shut up for ...time. So I finished the steak and divided ...between the dogs, and lay back very ...and contented. But here only commences the ...I had a part of that evening!

...warmed my cross-gartered, buskined Saxon ...the ease for the best part of an hour, think- ...ancient isle, and seeing again, on the blank ...wall, this very circle all aglow with the ...colour of its barbarous purpose, the mighty ...the Britons set in the greenery of their ...—the onset of the Roman, the flash and ...close-packed ranks, and the gallant ...—alas! that so good a youth should be ...and thus, I suppose, I dozed.

...it seemed all on a sudden a mighty gust ...swept down upon the flat roof overhead, ...ponderous stone—those fierce and ...sounds of mine howled most fearfully— ...behind with bristling hair and shaking ...looking up, there—strange, incredible ...—seated beyond the fire on ...the Saxon had so intely left, drawing her ...British tresses through her supple ...indifferent, happy—gazing upon me ...once again herself!

...wonder I had seen before, was ...said how wild and wonderful that win- ...seemed in that uncouth place, how ...burnt upon my swart and ...there and glared through ...outline? Absently ...combing, bewitching ...rhythmical grace and the tender substance ...of her immaterial outline, and as I glowered with never a ready syllable upon my idle tongue, or any emotion but wonder in the heart beating tumult- uously under my hunter tunic, the dogs lay moaning behind me, and the wild fantastic uproar of the tempest outside forced through the clefts of our retreat the rain-streaks that sparkled and hissed in the fire-heap.

That time I did not fear, and presently the Princess looked up and said, in a faint, distant voice, that was like the sound of the breeze among seashore pine-trees—

"Well done, my Phœnician! Your courage gives me strength." And as she spoke the words seemed gradually clearer and stronger, until presently they came sweeter to me than the murmur of a sunny river—gentler than the whispers of the ripe corn and the south wind.

"Shade!" I said. "Wonderful, immaterial, immortal, whence came you?"

"Whence did I come?" she answered, with the pretty reflection of a smile upon her face. "Out of the storm, O son of Anak—out of the wild, wet night-wind!"

"And why, and why—to stir me to the inmost soul, and then to leave me?"

"Phœnician," she said, "I have not left you since we parted. I have been the unseen companion of your goings—I have been the shadowless watcher by your sleep. Mine was the unfelt hand that bore your chin up when you swam with the Christian slave-girl—mine was the arm that has turned, invisibly, a hundred javelins from you—and to-night I am come, by leave of circumstance, thus to see you."

"I should have thought," I said, becoming now better at my ease, "that one like you might come or go in scorn of circumstance."

"Wherein, my dear master, you argue with more simplicity than knowledge. There are needs and necessities to the very verge of the spheres."

But when I questioned what these were, asking the secret of her wayward visits, she looked at the sleeping Editha, and said I could not understand.

"Yes, by Wodin's self! but I think I can. Yon fair-cheeked girl helps you. There are a hundred turns and touches in your ways and manners that speak of her, and show whence you got that bor- rowed life."

"You are astute, my Saxon thane, and I will not utterly refute you."

"Then, if you can do this, how was it, Blodwen, you never came when I was a Roman?"

"In truth, I often tried," she said, with some- thing like a sigh, "but Numidea was not good to fit my subtle needs, and the other one, Electra, was all beyond me." And here that versatile shadow threw herself into an attitude, and there before me was the Roman lady, so sweet, so enticing, that my heart yearned for her—ah! for the queenly Electra!—all in a moment. But before I could stretch out my arms the airy form had whisked her ethereal draperies toga-wise across her breast, and had risen, and there, towering to the low roof, flashing down scorn and hatred on me, quaking at her feet, shone the very semblance of Electra as I saw her last in the queenly glamour of her vengeance.

"Yes," said Blodwen, resuming her own form with perfect calmness before I, astounded, could catch my breath, and stroking out the tangles of her long red hair, "there was no doing anything with her, and so, Phœnician, I could not get translated to your material eyes."

All this was very wonderful, yet presently we were chatting as though there were naught to marvel at. Many were the things we spoke of, many were the wonders that she hinted at, and as she went my curiosity blazed up apace.

"And, fair Princess," I said presently, "turner of javelins, favourer of mortals, is it then within the power of such as yourself to rule the destiny of us material ones?"

"Not so; else, Phœnician, you were not here!"

This made me a little uncomfortable, but, nothing daunted, I looked the strangest visitor that ever paid a midnight visit full in the face, and persisted, "Tell me, then, you bright reflection of her; I loved, how seems this tinsel show of life upon its over side? Is its destiny or man that is master? How looks the flow of circumstances to you—to us, you will remember, it is vague, inexplicable."

"You ask me more than I can say," she answered, "but so far I will go, you, material, live substan- tially, and before you lies unchecked the illimitable spaces of existence. Of all these you are certain heir."

"Speak on!" I cried, for now and then my voice and attention flagged. "And is there any rule or sequence in this life of ours—is it for you to guide or mend our happenings?"

"No, Phœnician! You are yourselves the true forgers of the chains that bind you, and that initial 'prenticeship you serve there on your world is ruled by the aggregate of your actions. I tell you, Tyrian," she exclaimed, with something as much like warmth as could come from such a hazy air-stirred body—"I tell you nothing was ever said or done but was quite immortal: all your little gaings and comings, all your deeds and misdeeds, all the myriad leaves of spoken things that have ever come upon the forests of speech, all the raindrops of action that have gone to make the boundless ocean of human history, are on record. You shake your head, and cannot under- stand? Perhaps I should not wonder at it."

"And have all these things left a record upon the great books of life, and is it given to the beings of the air to refer to them, even as yonder hermit turns his scrolls of history and finds secreted on his yellow vellums the things of long ago?"

"It is so in some kind. The actions of that life of yours leave spirit-prints behind them from the most infinitesimal to the largest. Now, see! I have but to wish, and there again is all the moving pantomime around you of that unhappy day when you well-nigh died upon this spot," and the chieftainess leaped to her feet and swept her arm around and looked into the void and smiled and nodded as though all the wild spectacle she spoke of were enacting under her very eyes. "Surely, you see it! Look at the priests and the people, and there the running foreigners and that tall youth at their head—why, O trader in oils and dyes! it is not the remembrance of the thing, it is, I swear it, the thing itself"——

But never a line or colour could I perceive, only the curling smoke overhead looped and hung like tapestries upon the grey lichened walls, and the black night-time through the crevices. And, dis- covering this, Blodwen suddenly stopped and looked upon me with vexed compassion. "I am sorry, I am no good teacher to so outrun my pupil. Ask me henceforth what simple questions you will, and they shall be answered to the best I can."

And so presently I went on. "If those things which have been are thus to you—and it does not seem impossible—how is it with those other things of to-day, or still unborn of the future? How far can you more favoured ones foresee or guide those things to which we, unhappy, but submit?"

"The strong tide of circumstance, Phœnician, is not to be turned by such hands as these"—and she held her pallid wrists towards to the blaze, until I saw the ruddy gleam flash back from the rough gold bosses of her ancient bracelets. "There are laws outside your comprehension which are not framed for your narrow understanding. We obey these as much as you, but we perceive with infinitely clearer vision the inevitable logic of fate, the true sequence of events, and thus it is sometimes within our power to amend and guide the details of that brief episode which you call life."



BAKONGA CARRIERS EN ROUTE.—[*From Mr. Ward's Book.*]

"Do you say that priceless span, my comrades, yonder sleeping girl, and all the others set so high a value on is but 'an episode'?"

"Yes—a halting step upon a wondrous journey, half a gradation upon the mighty spirals of existence!"

"And time?" I asked, full of a wonder that scarce found leisure to comprehend one word of hers before it asked another question. "Is there time with you? Even I, reflective now and then upon this long journey of mine, have thought that time must be a myth, an impossibility to larger experience."

"Of what do you speak, my merchant? I do not remember the word."

"Oh, yes; but you must. Is there period and change yonder? Is Time—Time, the great braggart and bully of life—also potent with you?"

"Ah! now I do recall your meaning; but, my Tyrian, we left our hour-glasses and our calendars behind us when we came away! There is, perhaps, time yonder to some extent, but no mortal eyes, not mine even, can tell the teaching of that pro- digious dial that records the hours of universes and of spaces."

I bent my head and thought, for I dimly perceived in all this a meaning appearing through its incompre- hensibleness. Much else did we talk through the livelong night, whereof all I may not tell, and some- thing might but weary you. At one time I asked her of the little one I had never seen, and then she, reflective, questioned whether I would wish to see him. "As gladly," was my reply, "as one looks for the sun in springtime." At this the comely chieftainess seemed to fall a-musing, and even while she did so an eddy in the curling smoke of the low red fire swang gently into consistency there by her bare shoulder, and brightened and grew into mortal likeness, and in a moment, by the sum- mons of his mother's will, from where I knew not, and how I could not guess, a fair, young, ruddy boy was fashioned and stood there leaning upon the gentle breast that had so often rocked him, and gazing upon me with a quiet wonder that seemed to say, "How came *you* here?" But the little one had not the substance of the other, and after a moment, during which I felt somehow that no slight effort was being made to maintain him, he paled, and then the same waft of air that had conspired to his creation shredded him out again into the fine thin webs of disappearing haze.

Comely shadow! Dear British mistress! Great was thy condescension, passing strange thy con- versation, wonderful thy knowledge, perplexing, mysterious thy professed ignorance! And then, when the morning was nigh, she bade me speak a word of comfort to the restless-sleeping Editha, and when I had done so I turned again—and the cave was empty! I ran out into the open air and whispered "Blodwen!" and then louder "Blodwen!" and all those grey, uncouth, sinful old monoliths, standing there in the half-light up to their waists in white mist, took up my word and muttered out of their time-worn hollows one to another, "Blodwen! Blodwen!" but never again for many a long year did she answer to that call.

(*To be continued.*)



With Congo Cannibals.

We have heard much of late about Stanley's Rear-guard. Day after day the papers have been filled with unseemly quarrels as to what was Major Barttelot's behaviour when left behind by Stanley, and so on and so on. Mr. Herbert Ward was one of the Rear-guard. Jameson, who is now accused (seemingly on the strength of a false report by a known liar) of conniving at cannibalism in order that he might sketch the operations, died in his arms. Mr. Ward, however, has written the only book which does not deal with controversial matter. Save only a line in the preface, in which he says that Stanley, in "In Darkest Africa," is

Unjust to his Rear-guard,

there is scarcely anything about the expedition, except, indeed, at that point where Ward was detached by Major Barttelot on the expedition down the Congo River, which makes up a small portion of the book before me—"Five Years with the Congo Cannibals" (Chatto and Windus). Unfortunately, there are conflicting opinions upon the action of the Rear-guard. "No doubt," says Mr. Ward, "Mr. Stanley suffered a great shock upon learning the sad tale of Yambuya with its hundred graves, but in 'Darkest Africa' he takes much too harsh a view of a portion of his expedition that endured great hardships while doing their best. Of the five officers, two

Lost Their Lives

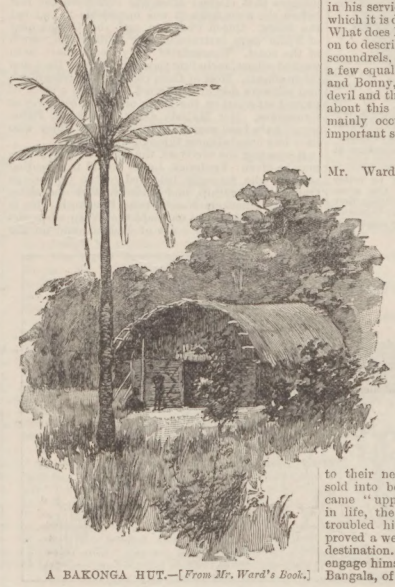
in his service, and a third contracted illnesses from which it is doubtful whether he will ever fully recover. What does Mr. Ward say, now that Stanley has gone on to describe the two dead officers as unmitigated scoundrels, and has called the invalid a coward and a few equally agreeable names? Truly Messrs. Ward and Bonny, the remaining officers, are between the devil and the deep sea. But I am not going to write about this matter further, as Mr. Ward's book is mainly occupied with other and with really more important subjects. After Stanley founded the

Congo Free State,

Mr. Ward was appointed director of one of the stations in 1885. To enter into alliance with the chief necessitated the ceremony of blood brotherhood—that is to say, that in presence of hundreds of the savages an incision was made in Ward's arm and in that of the chief, and the blood of both was intermingled. This is only one of the curious cere- monies witnessed by the author and described in his fascinating book. Many will want to know something about the cannibalism. "Almost weekly," he says, "some savage act of cannibalism would be brought to my notice, and I know that I should never have far to seek to find my friends of to-day in- dulging in a light repast of the limbs of some unfortunate slave, slain for refractory behaviour, or

Banqueting upon the Bodies

of the enemies slaughtered in some recent conflict. All was flesh that came to their net; and if a slave, captured in war, or sold into bondage by a neighbouring people, be- came "uppish" and discontented with his walk in life, the remedy was simple. They no longer troubled him to continue treading a path which proved a weariness to the flesh. The pot became his destination. A slave boy had been permitted to engage himself to work in the station of the agent at Bangala, of the Belgian Trading Company. After a



A BAKONGA HUT.—[*From Mr. Ward's Book.*]

time he absented himself during working hours without the permission of the agent, who complained to the boy's master, a small chief in the neighbouring village, informing him at the same time that he was a lazy fellow and not worth much. A day or two later the chief told the trader, with evident satisfaction, that the boy would not trouble him again, as he had killed him with a thrust of his spear; and the white man's horror was increased when, on the following day, the chief's son, a youngster of sixteen or seventeen years of age, came swaggering into the station and nonchalantly remarked that—"That slave-boy was very good eating—

He was Nice and Fat."

One of the most interesting portions of the book is taken up with the ivory-hunting question. Each tusk, we are told, costs ten human lives, and in the picture, dear reader, you will see the way your ivory-handled brush or your billiard-ball came across the Dark Continent. But I must not detain you further with the story of how they punish the slaves they do not eat, of the burning alive, and other tragedies which were common in books of travel of a century ago, and which surely ought to have been outgrown by this time even in the least explored parts of the world. But such, it seems, is not the case.

TATLER.

King's Lynn is to be *en fête* on Monday, when the Prince of Wales is to open the Norfolk Sports and Pastimes Exhibition at the Athenæum. The Prince will be accompanied by the Princess, and by the Duke and Duchess of Fife. This exhibition has been got up for the benefit of the West Norfolk Hunt, and the Prince will exhibit a number of sporting trophies from his large and splendid collection at Sandringham.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]



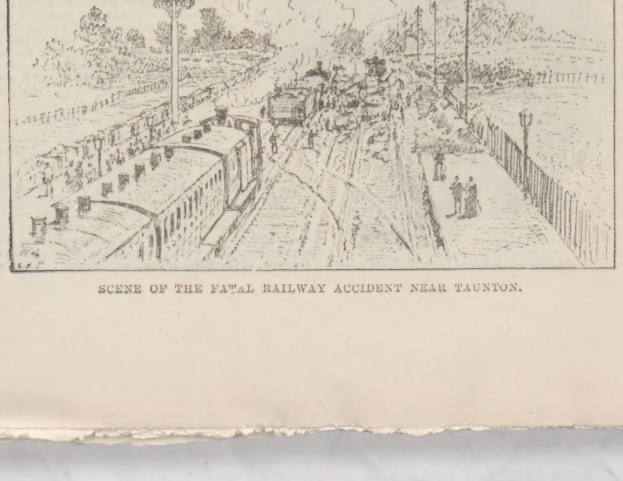
HOW THE WORLD WAGS

LOSS OF H.M.S. SERPENT.

H.M. cruiser Serpent was wrecked off Cape Buey, near the village of Camariñas, on the north-west coast of Spain, on Monday, the 10th inst. Of the crew, numbering 176 officers and men, only three sailors managed to reach the shore. The Serpent was a new ship, built and launched at Devonport, and was a handsome vessel of 1700 tons and 4500-horse power. This was her first voyage. She was a cruiser of the third class, and was commissioned at Devonport on June 24 last for service on the West Coast of Africa, to relieve the Archer on that station. She would have left England soon after that date, but in her trial trips considerable difficulty was experienced with her machinery, and she was detained for some time in consequence of several mishaps. She left Plymouth after the gale had subsided which caused so much damage along our coasts, and was under orders to call at Grand Canary, St. Vincent, and Sierra Leone, on route for Accra.

The disaster occurred about midnight on the 10th when most of the men were below; and in the few minutes that elapsed after she struck on the reef before she went down it was impossible to get out the boats. Queen Christina and the Government of Spain gave instructions for a thorough search of the coast. Upwards of forty bodies have been washed ashore, including those of Captain Ross and other officers. Most of them could not be recognised, and all were decently interred, either in a piece of ground set apart on the beach or in the cemetery at Camariñas. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh have been prompt to offer relief to those who have lost breadwinners through the disaster.

Respecting the survivors, the following particulars may be given: Frederick James Gould is a leading seaman who formerly belonged to the Cambridge Gunnery Schoolship, and whose mother and sister reside at Knackers Nowle, near Plymouth. He is a single man, and was on board the Wasp when she was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and on the Lily when she foundered off Labrador. Benjamin Burton is an able seaman, and formerly belonged to the Royal Naval Barracks, Keyham. He is a married man, and his wife is at present resident in Birmingham. The name of Hotson is not on the official list of those serving on board, but inquiries made disclosed the fact that he was serving as the captain's steward.



SCENE OF THE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR TAUNTON.



"UP TO DATE" SKETCH OF MRS. PEARCEY.

A rather good-looking young woman appeared Eleanor Wheeler, alias Pearcey, to the *P.I.P.* Artist who sketched her at the Marylebone Police Court on Tuesday, when she was brought up for the fourth time on the charge of killing Phœbe Hogg, aged thirty-one, and on suspicion of causing the death of Phœbe Hanslope Hogg, eighteen months old, on Oct. 24, at 2, Priory-street, Great College-street, Kentish Town.

Mr. Gill again appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Treasury; Mr. Freke Palmer defended the prisoner, and Mr. Grain watched the case on behalf of the husband of the murdered woman. Mrs. Pearcey (to give the name she generally goes by, although she was not married to the man Pearcey, with whom she lived for two years previous to her connection with Hogg) is described by our Artist as rather dark-haired. Her poor mother, Mrs. Wheeler, says she was known as a bright, kind-hearted girl. Her full name is Mary Eleanor Wheeler. She was born at Ightham, Kent, on March 26, 1866. She has three brothers and one sister, all younger than herself. One brother is with the Mediterranean squadron, another is apprenticed, and the third, a little weak lad of twelve, is in a working-boys' home, and knows nothing of his sister's position. Mary's sister is twenty, and contributes to her mother's support. Their father, who was a Royal Marine, is dead. At the police-court examination on Tuesday, Detective Parsons deposed that Mrs. Pearcey owned to him that Mrs. Hogg visited her with the child on the evening of Oct. 24; but it is not necessary to recapitulate the well-known details of this terrible murder case.

Miss Riordan, who shot Dr. Bright, the Master of University College, on the 6th inst., was tried last Saturday at the Oxford Assizes, and, being found guilty of wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm, was sentenced to six years' penal servitude. The unfortunate young woman (sketched with Mr. Haines and Dr. Bright by a *P.I.P.* Artist) was formerly an Oxford barmaid, had a *liaison* with Mr. Haines in London, and shot at Dr. Bright, because Mr. Haines was engaged to the Doctor's daughter.

The inquest as to the death of those who were killed in the railway collision near Taunton on Nov. 11 was resumed and concluded on the 14th. The jury decided that the disaster was caused by George Rice, the signalman, forgetting that he had placed a down goods train on the main up-line, and allowing it to remain there after putting the signals "line clear," and that he thus negligently caused the deaths of the persons referred to. A *P.I.P.* Artist sketches the scene of the disaster. The Coroner, addressing Rice, said he would have to appear in another court to answer for the occurrence. Rice is an old man, who not long since suffered from an injury to his head, and had since been thinking of immediate retirement. Considerable sympathy is felt for him. Nevertheless, he has been brought up at the Taunton Police Court, charged with the grave neglect of duty.

Captain O'Shea's divorce suit, in which Mr. Parnell was the co-respondent, came on for trial on Saturday and Monday last, before Mr. Justice Butt and a special jury. Mr. Parnell did not appear to defend the suit, and counsel for Mrs. O'Shea intimated that he did not intend to take any part in the proceedings. A *P.I.P.* Artist portrays the principals. The Solicitor-General expressed his surprise that, after accusations had been made as to the conduct of the petitioner, the case should have stood undefended. He proceeded to give an outline of the evidence he should adduce, and then called Captain O'Shea, who described his relations with his wife as being happy until ten years ago, when Mr. Parnell was introduced to his home. When his first suspicions were aroused he challenged Mr. Parnell to a duel, but, being assured there was no ground for suspicion, the acquaintance was continued. It afterwards transpired that, in Captain O'Shea's absence, Mr. Parnell had been staying with or visiting Mrs.

OUTBREAK OF INFLUENZA.—The Registrar-General reports a renewal of this malady with dengue fever. QUININE is the remedy and preventive. Everyone should be taking "PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON," which was so effective in the last epidemic. Keep up the strength with "Pepper's Quinine."—[ADVT.]

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE
MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.
The most Popular Musical Instruments of the Day are
CAMPBELL'S MELODEONS,
The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial Bell Accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—compass, Visible Double Valves, and the charming tones, Patent Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.
EVERYBODY DELIGHTED. NO ONE DISSATISFIED.
THE "GEM" MELODEON
is a Marvel of Cheapness.
THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.
THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON
No Home should be Without One.
Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home?
Then procure one of Campbell's MELODEONS.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy?
Then procure one of Campbell's MELODEONS.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party?
Then procure one of Campbell's MELODEONS.
CAMPBELL'S PATENT
BROAD REED MELODEONS.
Have the Largest Sale of any Musical Instrument in the World.
GRAND NEW MODEL
FOR SEASON 1890.
"THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" SHOULD HAVE ONE. EVERY READER OF
ONE HUNDRED AND THOUSAND NOW SOLD. CAMPBELL'S MELODEONS
British Patent, 4492. German Patent, 34,110.
CUT OUT THIS. P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper. OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL MELODEON. "GEM" 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double. 6s. 6d.
CUT OUT THIS. P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper. OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON. 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double. 10s.
CUT OUT THIS. P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper. OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON. 16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, 16s. 6d. Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double. 16s. 6d.
NO DECEPTION HERE.
The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness and in mechanism-eternal appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism-foraimplicity of handling and for purity and variety of tone there is no instrument with which it can be compared."
100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.
Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves. I am sure Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations. 100,000.
"275, Rotherhithe New-road, London, 1890.
"Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Gem' Melodeon at 6s. 6d., with which instrument I am much pleased; indeed, I can assure you an instrument with such a splendid tone cannot be had in London for the money. I will have pleasure in recommending the 'Gem' to all my friends.—I remain, yours truly, ALFRED W. SAGE.
"1, St. Brelade's, High Park, Ryde, I. of W., 1890.
"Sirs,—Having this day received from you, and played upon, your Melodeon I ordered from you, I must say I am delighted with it, as it is the sweetest tone I have ever played upon, and shall recommend it to all my friends.—I remain, Sirs, yours truly, "C. MYCOCK.
"1, Jubilee-terrace, Lansdown-road, Forest-gate, London, 1890.
"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your beautiful 'Favourite' Melodeon, price 16s. 6d. I am very much pleased with its splendid tone, and have to recommend it to all who require a cheap and first-class instrument for gospel open-air meetings.—Yours truly, S. BEAVOREN.
"For the Upton Park Christian Band."
"44, Railway-street, Sunderland, 1890.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I beg to inform you that I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon safe and sound this morning, and must say that I am highly pleased with it. It is a marvel of beauty and finish, and I can highly recommend it to any of my friends. Thanking you for your prompt attention, I remain, yours respectfully, THOMAS LEE.
N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List, for 1890, which is now ready. One Hundred Thousand of these Lists sent out yearly. Send One Penny Stamp to
CAMPBELL & CO.,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS,
116, TRONGATE, GLASGOW
(Established Fifty Years).
Also the Largest Assortment in the Kingdom of Violins, Guitars, and Banjoes; Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Concertinas, Accordeons, Drums, Orgues-Accordeons, and Brass Band Instruments; Flutinas, Orgues-Accordeons, Musical Boxes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.
PRACTICAL BRASS INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.
VIOLIN MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.

O'Shea at Eltham, Brighton, and Eastbourne, and that on one occasion, when Captain O'Shea came home unexpectedly, Mr. Parnell escaped out of the drawing-room window, lowering himself from the balcony by means of a fire-escape ladder. Many letters were read during the hearing, and evidence having been given by servants and others as to Mr. Parnell constantly visiting and staying with Mrs. O'Shea at various places in the absence of her husband, Captain O'Shea was called, and in answer to questions denied ever having neglected his wife or treated her with unkindness. In summing up, Mr. Justice Butt said the evidence in regard to Mrs. O'Shea's relations with Mr. Parnell was so strong and conclusive that it scarcely admitted of a doubt, and, in reference to the suggestion of connivance on the part of Captain O'Shea, he pointed out that it was inconsistent with the correspondence, and with the conduct of Mr. Parnell in going about in disguise with Mrs. O'Shea and assuming false names. The jury found the charges of adultery to have been proved, and that Captain O'Shea had not been guilty of connivance. His Lordship made a decree nisi, and ordered the co-respondent to pay the costs.

THE RACING WORLD

The Racing World has suffered no little inconvenience during the last fortnight because of

Postponements

necessitated by wet, gale, and fog. When Liverpool's third day's programme was carried over to the Saturday the only sufferers were the proprietary and those who had arranged to assist at the wind-up. The interruption caused in the run of Derby's scheme was far more disastrous. For the Friday to which Derby was carried, when the stewards decided not to race on Thursday, we had Northampton already set. A consequence was that patronage was divided between the pair in a way most prejudicial to Northampton.

Northampton Races

will not be held on the Common after the present lease of the stand and other premises to Messrs. Traill expires. One may be allowed to express the hope that the lessees may do well for the balance of their term, and not be able to renew it. The course is, in plan, not half fit for racing. I am told that the

Northampton Executive

have also ready a provisional understanding with landholders, and will probably prefer to institute a new establishment rather than continue to fight against the difficulties of the old venue, at which last week I found quite fresh distraction. Opposite the rings were a number of temporary, also trumpery, stands. Almost at regular intervals these flimsy elevations came to smash more or less. No one was hurt. No one left them after a public-spirited sportsman, who attempted to get his sixpence back, on the ground that a stand was not a stand when it was a wreck, was defeated by the proprietor. Not a few of the payers would have been far better off out of the stands—that is to say, not mixed up with trestles and planks, but, rather than not get their pennyworth or sixpennyworth, they stayed right to the finale of the piece.

A Tremendous Sensation

was caused at the meeting when announcement was made that Modestie was scratched for the Manchester November Handicap. According to all inspired reports she had only to go to the post to win. According to experts in the market, someone knew at least a day or two beforehand that the scratching would take place. One or two clever hands were at work. They were too clever to lay against the favourite, but quietly amused themselves by backing the other candidates most likely after Modestie. It did seem for awhile that some of the people who were so extremely sanguine on her account rather overdid the business. At any rate, the mare is scratched, and the Manchester race looks far more open than it did while Hayhoe's importation was going well in the betting.

Lingfield.

As usual when a new race establishment is given public trial, Lingfield was found wanting in several respects. At the same time, it is only fair to put against this record the fact that in others it pleased the critics. Rome was not built in a day, and a race-track is not made to suit horses' and jockeys' requirements all of a hurry. To put things straight is much easier when sport under National Hunt Rules is to be considered than for Jockey Club contests. As the hurdle-racing track did not suit, it has been decided to run such races in future on the steeplechase course—that is, be it understood, over the land, but not over the same obstacles.

Manchester's November Meeting

is always most liberally attended. Its fields are proverbially great, its enclosures always crowded, and its sport good. Good as this is, generally speaking, it does not command public attention before the day of racing, save in the case of the November Handicap, which, as a rule, is a very heavy betting race for some days. This year it happens that speculation on the affair has been dull. Perhaps Modestie's scratching has to do with that. Of the pair Fallow Chat and Lily of Lumley I prefer the latter. Silver Spur will make a bold show. Shall We Remember ran on in the Liverpool Cup like a stayer for the Manchester distance. Rêve d'Or will probably do better here than at Aintree. Ringmaster in the original handicap held a good chance, but he cannot weight well. Oddfellow might effect a surprise. This horse was beating Queen's Birthday at a mile and a half in the St. Leger. FitzHampton was let in well at first. Raising the weights is not in his favour. Mercy, as I remarked last week, ran well in the Cesarewitch as far as the Bushes. Phil's best form has been shown in this race. Barmecide on the Doncaster form with Tyrant would be formidable. Barmecide as he ran at Lincoln does not hold a 10,000 to 1 chance. Conservator likes the distance, he does not mind the mud, and has been trained for this event. Dan Dancer won an Ascot Stakes, but has not shown that sort of form since. Peacebearer came to grief at Northampton, otherwise I should have stuck to him. Parlington, I find, did not run well in the Cesarewitch. Tommy Tittlemouse might be better suited at the meeting. Hebrides, if the best of Taylor's lot, would about win. Childebert has a good race in him. Of the lot, I now prefer Mercy, Conservator, and the best of Taylor's, which I hope will prove to be Hebrides. Brackley was greatly fancied by the stable, but, of late, they make many mistakes.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Oxford and Cambridge Trial Eights

will both be rowed within the fortnight, and two crews are hard at work at each University.

A new event will make its appearance in the athletic calendar this season, for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will run their first

Cross-Country Match

on the 25th inst. The course they have chosen is the long (seven miles) course of the Thames Hare and Hounds, which commences and finishes at Roehampton village, near Putney, where the Thames men have had their headquarters for more than twenty-two years. It is well to have neutral ground on these occasions, instead of holding the match one year at Oxford and one year at Cambridge.

The Oxford University

Rugby fifteen are continuing to show how remarkably good they are, and on Saturday beat the strong Blackheath Club by two goals to nil. One goal, it is true, was gained off a penalty kick, but the second was the result of good play and of that prettiest of features in connection with the Rugby game—a drop-kick. Many people are inclined to attach more value to a goal placed from a try—indeed, in Ireland such a goal counts one point more than does a goal dropped from the field of play, forgetting that some successful forward play must be necessary before the ball is brought into a position from which a drop-kick at goal can hope to be successful. This victory of Oxford's, of course, only makes the play of their conquerors, Bradford, appear the better, and on Saturday last Bradford defeated the London club, Kensington, by a goal and four tries to nothing.

The Old Leysians kept up the reputation of the South somewhat by defeating Salford by two goals to one—a meritorious performance.

A tight match was that between London Scottish and the Harlequins, the Scotsmen winning by two goals to a try. The match at Cambridge between Richmond and the University resulted in no other points than goals being scored, and of those there were as many as six, which is a very unusual result to a Rugby Union match. Cambridge obtained four of the goals, and so won.

The Cambridge University Association eleven played the Corinthians at Kennington Oval, and just won by four goals to three, but the Corinthians were not quite at their strongest.

The matches between the clubs of the

Football League

attracted the usual crowds. The Bolton Wanderers, on their own ground, caused the town to go delirious with delight by defeating Preston North End by a goal to nothing, by which odds Everton managed to beat Sunderland, and so avoid being beaten four times in succession in this competition. In the other important matches, Blackburn Rovers beat Notts County by two goals to one, while Aston Villa defeated Accrington by three goals to one. Everton's success places them once more at the head of the list of League clubs in the competition, but they have to share the place with Wolverhampton Wanderers. Each has fifteen points, both having the same figures—namely, eleven matches played, seven won, one lost, and three drawn. But in the matter of goals Everton come out by far the best, their totals being thirty-two for to twelve against, while Wolverhampton Wanderers have won twenty-five goals and lost twenty-three. Of ten matches played, Preston North End have won five and lost three, and have twelve points, while Notts County and Blackburn Rovers each have thirteen. Bolton Wanderers have twelve points, and Aston Villa ten.

The National Skating Association

have decided to assist in the movement that has been organised to send James Smart and George See to St. Moritz, there to practise speed-skating, and have subscribed £10, on the condition that Smart, their champion, returns when called upon by them. There seems to be no difficulty in raising the necessary money, and I do not understand what the Skating Association has been about to allow the initiative in this step to be taken by a private individual. The death of Mr. Neville Goodman was a great loss to the skating world, but Mr. C. G Tebbutt seems likely to step into the deceased gentleman's shoes, for it is he who is organising the trip of the English skaters to Switzerland. Most of the Continental skating race-meetings are fixed for January, commencing about the middle of the month, but not at all of them are there races for professionals, indeed, one may say, only at the minority. So far, no reports of ice anywhere have reached me.

The Salford Harriers are back from their athletic trip to America, where they did not cause the least sensation, or accomplish any performance out of the ordinary, though, considering the change of climate, this latter feature is not surprising. The wonder is that they kept their form so well as they did. The visit conclusively proved that such affairs, carried out on the same lines, are played out. Neither American athletes nor the American public are particularly anxious to see athletes from England no better than those they have themselves, while they appreciate true sportsmanship as much as we do. They did not consider it sportsmanlike of the Salford Harriers' representatives to refrain from competing at the American championships in order that they might take part in a handicap meeting at Buffalo, so leaving a clear field to the Manhattan Athletic Club, who were guaranteeing the expenses of their trip. As the tour was a pronounced financial failure, the guarantors will not come off scathless.

BANSHEE.



SLAVIN v. M'AULIFFE PRIZE-FIGHT.

Really, the *P.I.P.* Artists seem to be everywhere. One of them dropped in to see the two redoubtable glove-fighters in the dock. The trial of Frank Slavin and Joseph M'Auliffe was continued on Monday at the Newington Sessions House, before Sir Peter Edlin. Mr. Poland, Q.C., and Mr. Torr prosecuted, and Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Wightman Wood, and Mr. Purcell defended. Mr. Poland, for the prosecution, summed up his case, urging that the Slavin and M'Auliffe contest was an illegal prize-fight which should be put down by the strong hand of the law. Sir Peter Edlin, in summing up, fairly reviewed the case. The jury disagreed after two hours' deliberation, and were sent back again. They returned again at 4.20, but were still undecided. The jury were therefore discharged. The prisoners were bound over in their own recognizances of £500 each to appear at the next sessions, and ordered to find two sureties each of £250, or one in £500.

The Queen (who will probably have returned to Windsor by the time these lines are read) made a very long excursion from Balmoral last week (says the *World*), driving past Braemar and into Mar Forest, and, after traversing Glen Lui, the Royal party went up Glen Derry for several miles, passing through the wildest and most rugged scenery in Aberdeenshire. Tea was served at the Duke of Fife's lodge, near the junction of the Lui and the Derry.

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.



The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PREPARED ONLY AT

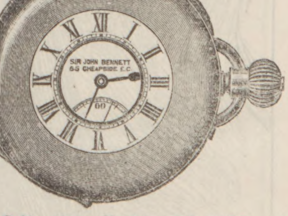
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,

BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.
Watch & Clock Manufacturers.



£10.—In return for a £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.



£25.—The "SIR JOHN." A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS ¾-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.—Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited),
65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d per Bottle.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

From "Darkest England" to "Darkest India."

THE same busy *P.I.P.* Artist who from time to time has sketched General Booth was present in Exeter Hall, Strand, on the 13th of November, to portray afresh the Napier-like founder of the "Salvation Army." Several thousands of the Salvation Army and a few ordinary visitors crowded Exeter Hall that night to bid farewell to the mission party about to proceed to India, led by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Members of the Indian contingent, consisting of about fifty white men and women and about a dozen natives, appeared in the front ranks of the great throng on the platform, dressed in Oriental style with huge white turban, bright red jerseys, and flowing white robes. The natives presented varied types of caste and race and shades of colour, but were each and all interesting personages, including an ex-Buddhist priest of noble family.

General Booth himself presided. Instrumental music, the singing of hymns, prayer, and short speeches, were intermingled with fervid ejaculations from people in the meeting. The General spoke with a faltering voice as he referred to the great loss which had befallen him in the death of his wife since he was last on that platform. His only direct reference to "Darkest England" was by way of announcement that he would speak on the subject on Monday night. For the present he would devote his remarks to "Darkest India," maintaining that there, as elsewhere, salvation through Christ was the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Among the 265,000,000 people of India the Salvation Army had now 450 officers, and they were increasing at the rate of 150 per annum. They required £10,000 to carry on the work. With the party going to India, the General said, there would be his son, two of his daughters, a son-in-law, a grandson (a babe, whom he exhibited to the meeting), and even his cook and housemaid. The number of persons converted by the Salvation Army in India was 4670, of whom 3501 were raw heathens.

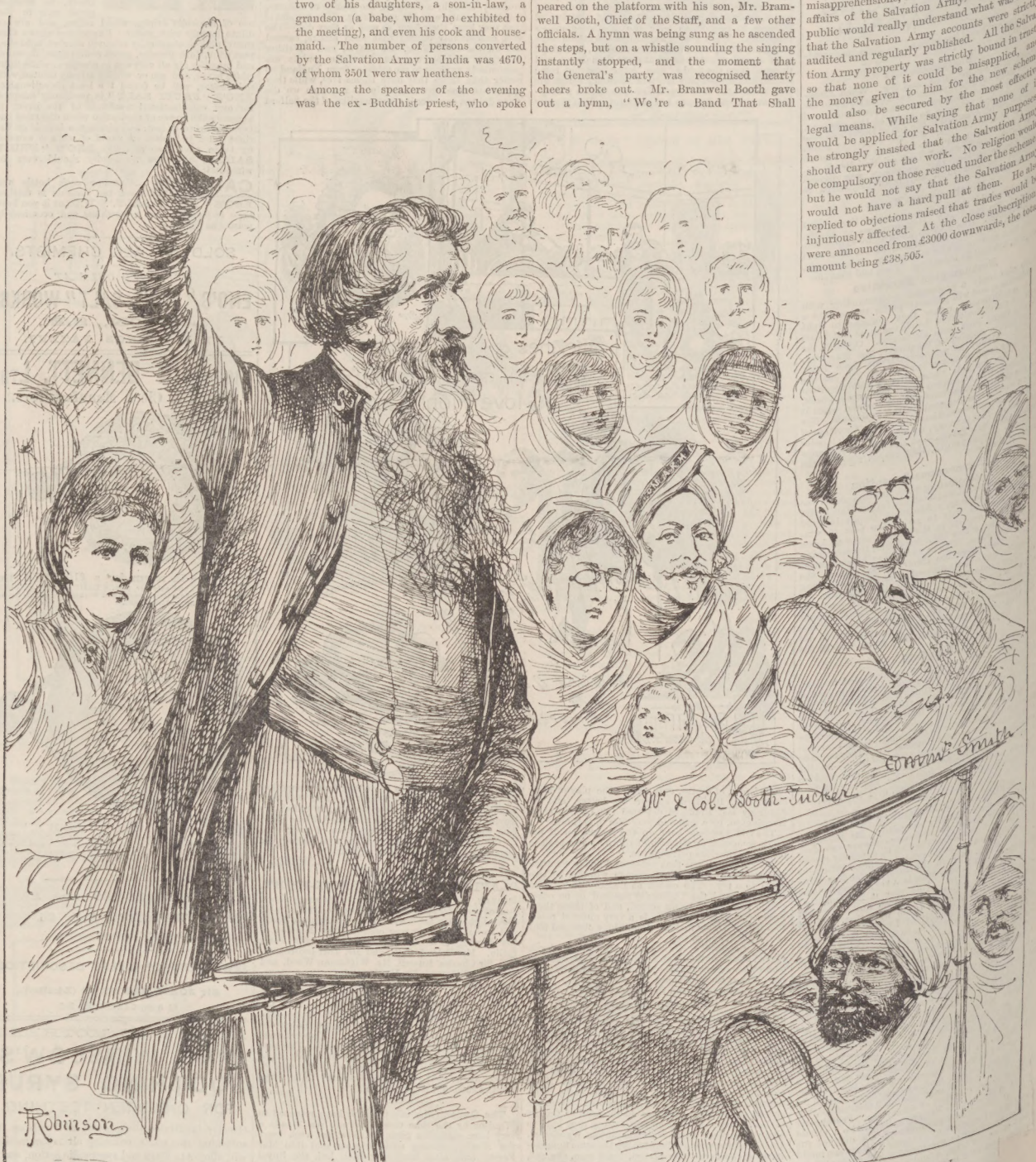
Among the speakers of the evening was the ex-Buddhist priest, who spoke in Hindustani, Commissioner Tucker acting as interpreter.

General Booth on "Darkest England."

Exeter Hall was well filled last Monday evening, on the occasion of a meeting assembled to hear a statement by General Booth with regard to his appeal for assistance to enable him to commence the system of social rescue set forth in his recent work "Darkest England, and the Way Out," already reviewed in the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. Although admission was by tickets, for which half a guinea and five shillings were charged to the floor, the hall was nearly filled before the hour for commencing the business. The gallery, for admission to which a shilling was charged, was crowded. A great many members of the Salvation Army were present, the platform being almost exclusively occupied by them.

Shortly after seven o'clock General Booth appeared on the platform with his son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff, and a few other officials. A hymn was being sung as he ascended the steps, but on a whistle sounding the singing instantly stopped, and the moment that the General's party was recognised hearty cheers broke out. Mr. Bramwell Booth gave out a hymn, "We're a Band That Shall Conquer the Foe," which was energetically sung, and Mr. Commissioner Howard offered prayer. General Booth then called upon the meeting to sing a chorus which was, he said, familiar to Salvationists, "All that I have I am bringing to Thee." This was sung to an impressive melody. Prayer by Mrs. Bramwell Booth followed. A lady, Staff Captain Nicol, then sung a solo, "On the Cross of Calvary," with organ accompaniment and chorus. Among those on the platform were: Mr. A. W. G. Ranger, Mr. W. T. Stead, Dr. Heywood Smith, the Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, Mrs. Onslow, Mr. R. Fleming, Mr. Howard Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and Mrs. Herbert Booth. Among the audience were Mr. Sydney Bancroft, Dr. Barnardo, and Mr. Newbery.

General Booth began his address by stating that the more he inquired into the matter the more he was convinced that he had exaggerated nothing in his book. He wished to correct some misapprehensions, several relating to the financial affairs of the Salvation Army. He wished the public would really understand what was a fact, that the Salvation Army accounts were strictly audited and regularly published. All the Salvation Army property was strictly bound in trust, so that none of it could be misapplied, and the money given to him for the new scheme would also be secured by the most effective legal means. While saying that none of it would be applied for Salvation Army purposes, he strongly insisted that the Salvation Army should carry out the work. No religion would be compulsory on those rescued under the scheme, but he would not say that the Salvation Army would not have a hard pull at them. He also replied to objections raised that trades would be injuriously affected. At the close subscriptions were announced from £3000 downwards, the total amount being £38,505.



GENERAL BOOTH, LEADER OF THE SALVATION ARMY, BIDDING COMMISSIONER AND MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER FAREWELL ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR INDIA. SKETCHED BY A P.I.P ARTIST AT EXETER HALL.

WELLINGTON BARRACKS ON FIRE.

How popular our brave Guards are still may be judged any night at Drury-Lane Theatre, where the admirably realistic barracks scene in "A Million of Money" (a fresh scenic triumph for Mr. Augustus Harris) is welcomed with a storm of applause. By the courteous permission of the Colonel Commanding at Wellington Barracks, a P.I.P. Artist had the privilege to sketch some of the phases of heroism which redounded to the credit of the gallant Guardsmen, and especially of the manliest and intrepid Pioneer Davis (who deserves the Albert Medal) during the alarming fire.

The Conflagration Broke Out

at Wellington Barracks, Birdcage-walk, St. James's Park, on the evening of Nov. 12. Several children were injured, and had the outbreak happened later at night it is fearful to contemplate what the consequences might have been. The buildings in the barracks consist, roughly speaking, of two wings, and in that facing Birdcage-walk the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards are quartered; while in the second and larger one, nearer Buckingham Palace, the 1st Battalion Scots Guards are stationed. Immediately behind the smaller wing stand

The Married Men's Quarters—

a four-storeyed structure, about 140 ft. long and 40 ft. wide. It was occupied by about nineteen couples belonging to both battalions, who with their children and attendants numbered upwards of one hundred. It was there that the conflagration originated, and happily it was confined there. Huge volumes of water were thrown into the flames, and the firemen made heroic endeavours to search all the burning apartments. Children were brought out a number of women and had a very narrow escape—Archibald Ernest Pickersgill, aged five months, whose face and left arm were slightly burnt; and Alice Louisa Pickersgill, aged two, and Elizabeth Ellen Pickersgill, aged four, both partially suffocated. Poor little Alice Pickersgill expired on Saturday last.

Pioneer Davis, of the Coldstream Guards,

saved some little ones in the most gallant manner as we have stated at the outset. He deposited one in the bosom of his shirt while looking for more in the top storey. Amid smoke and fire he succeeded in rescuing five altogether, and the lot were lowered by the ladder, amid a scene of indescribable excitement. At one point, hearing shrieks at the door of the burning building, he ascended a long ladder and entered a top room. Finding that the screams came from the room below, Davis disjointed an iron bedstead and beat in the ceiling, through which he dragged himself into the presence of two little children, who, in attempting to escape by the trap-door, had apparently crawled between the tiles and the rafters for some distance. He accomplished the rescue by handing off the tiles and handing the young ones down the ladder. Several others acted gallantly. Colour-Sergeant Wilson, of the Scots Guards, while engaged rescuing the inmates, fell through the flooring, and was unconscious for a while, and Corporal Tennant, also of the Scots Guards, received injuries of a like nature in a similar manner. Well done, Guards!



1. Wellington Barracks on fire, with plucky Pioneer Davis carrying a ladder up to the rescue. The X indicates the room in which the fire broke out. 2. Pioneer Davis's gallant rescue of two children from the attics.

THE GUARDS' COURAGEOUS RESCUES AT THE GREAT FIRE AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

Sketched by a P.I.P. Artist, with the Permission of the Colonel Commanding.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Novelties in Jersey Bodices

are on view in charming variety at the establishment of Mr. Tucker Widgery in Westbourne-grove, the famous site of the town of palatial height known as "Whiteley's." Witness the tasteful designs from the *Lady's Pictorial*. I cry pretty for dinner or evening wear is the first pattern—a surah silk bodice, with smocked yoke and sleeves. It may be had in becoming colours for a little under thirty shillings. Pleasing also is the second of Tucker Widgery's designs—a plain fleece-lined jersey, neatly braided with fine mohair, likewise to be obtained in all colours, at less than half the price of the other.

Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli,

the bright particular new operatic star Signor Lago has introduced to the London public at Covent Garden this autumn, is portrayed to the life in the photograph kindly lent us by the courteous editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*. This gifted lady made her début in London with her magnificent impersonation then by her sterling abilities, not only as a contralto singer of the front rank, but also as a first-class actress. So great is her versatility that she is a veritably tragic Ortruda in "Lohengrin," and a page in "Les Huguenots" full of charming vivacity and youthful gaiety. But it has been as Orfeo, in Gluck's deliciously antiquated opera, that Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli has achieved her grandest triumph at Covent-garden. The love-lorn Orfeo who penetrates Hades to find his Eurydice (sympathetically rendered by Mdlle. Sofia Ravogli), it is no exaggeration to say that this new dramatic contralto has delighted all musical London that can flock to the grand opera-house at Covent-garden.

The Wedding Dress

delineated in our last Number was, by accident, erroneously described as the marriage costume of Miss Lawford. It was actually the charming wedding dress of Miss Ellen (Nellie) Egerton Hinde, the wife of Mr. Frank Hinde, M.D.), and was of white silk, with vest and panel braided with silver cord; the makers being Messrs. H. Wilson and Co., 135, Regent-street.

It always gives me great pleasure to make public any scheme which is not only philanthropic but

at the same time useful: and I should like to mention an addition which has been lately made to our not too long list of

"Homes for Poor Ladies"

and for friendless women generally. It is to Miss Blunt that we owe this excellent institution, which is situated at

Cobham, in Surrey.

There is one feature with regard to this good lady's undertaking which deserves special notice, and that is, that all the work of the home is

Done by Young Girls

taken from the union; and by this means they



NOVELTIES IN JERSEY BODICES.

receive practical instruction in the difficult art of becoming

Good Domestic Servants.

Miss Blunt also employs poor crippled girls to do needlework, mending, &c., and they become better both in health and spirits from the fact that they are leading lives of practical use to the community. In this

Home of Rest

there is a special department for the reception of servants and sempstresses who are suffering from debility, or are, in any way, broken down in health. I think there is no doubt that

Miss Blunt's Kindly Scheme

will prove of the greatest possible value and assistance to those for whose benefit it has been set on foot. Another admirable but little-known, because most unobtrusive, association is the

"Convalescent Dinners Society."

This is also the good work of a woman,

Miss Carbonell,

of 114, Queen's-gate, S.W. As hon. sec. she wishes it to be generally known that the work of the society has begun for the winter, and that any little timely aid will be thankfully received and acknowledged. It is a well-known fact that it is quite impossible for the hospitals with the best will in the world to keep patients until they are perfectly restored to health. They set them on their legs, and then they must clear out to make room for others who are in more pressing need. Any of you who have ever worked among the poor must be aware how complete recovery from a bad and lowering illness is retarded for want of even a little

Nourishing and Appetising Food.

Do we not know how hard we find it ourselves when we have not been well even from a bad cold to eat what we relish fairly well at other times? We want to be tempted a little with something nice; and this want must be doubly felt by the convalescent poor, who rarely have what deserves the name of "nice" at any time. In almost all well-to-do households there must be many things wasted every week that would tempt the capricious appetite of a poor man or woman hovering between sickness and health. General Booth, as I wrote a week or two ago, is well aware of what could be done with this salvage from rich kitchens; but, before he starts his excellent "Waste Not Want Not Brigade," I should like to put in a good word for Miss Carbonell's "Convalescent Dinners Society."

I wrote last week of the Children's Happy Evenings, and I am delighted to see that

Miss Stanley,

who holds the proud position of pioneer of the admirable movement for establishing

Clubs for Working-Girls,

is an advocate for recreation. She must be very proud to see how her scheme has been taken up, and, I read lately, "adapted as a phase of every socially philanthropic endeavour." For these working-girls' clubs, as for the children's happy evenings, it is workers who are required. Heaps of kindly disposed people give money, and far be it from me to stop the supply of that most useful commodity; but workers are required who will stir up the girls to amuse themselves, as Miss Kennedy did in Walter Besant's capital story "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." A specially earnest appeal for workers has been made by the superintendent of the Christ Church Club, Blackfriars Bridge-road,

Mrs. De Fontaine.

This club has been doing a really great work for the past thirteen years. It has now about three hundred members, taken from the most hard-worked, poor class of girls; and, as a matter of course, their lives are also absolutely without brightness or recreation, except of the most sordid and unhealthy kind; or, rather, they would be without this club to fall back upon.

In addition to the charming sketches of pretty dresses I am able to reproduce from the *Lady's Pictorial*, I must give you this week a little

Chit Chat about Fashions,

and what is worn up to date; but it is by no means easy to keep up with the vagaries of Madame Fashion, and not all of us are rich enough to do more than follow her at a respectful distance. I must confess it would please me if the

Highly Inartistic Bonnet

now in vogue would give place to one prettier and less fantastic. The flat plate with a sudden elevation at the back like the sail of a boat is comically ugly. I have seen several of these so-called bonnets with two little wings spread and standing straight up at the back, and the fair wearers walk complacently along, apparently unconscious of the ludicrous appearance they present. Very little children are wearing close-fitting and very cosy little bonnets, which make me very envious, as I quite long for a headdress that will keep the head and ears warm.

The Hats

worn by bigger girls are simply enormous. They are generally made of shaggy beaver, and the trimming is very often a vivid contrast in colour—a contrast that some time time ago would have been considered bad taste.

In Paris fashionable women are wearing the paniers and long-pointed waists that were in vogue some time ago; but, over here, we have grown so used to the straight, tight, and, I think, very ugly and ungraceful habit-like skirt, that it will be a long time before we give it up. With dresses made full on the hips

A Short Smart Cloak

is almost a necessity. We see them here worn over the tight dress; and the result is that the women who wear them look all shoulders. I strongly recommend women who have to walk much either in town or country in winter to

Wear Gaiters

and a short smart skirt. I have often mentioned the uncomfort—the misery, I might call it—of a muddy skirt flapping against the boots with every step.

I believe

The Princess of Wales

and her daughters wear gaiters when they take, as they are so fond of doing, rough country walks at Sandringham: in town, of course, their Royal Highnesses do not walk; but we may be quite sure, if they did, they would not let their skirts drag in the mud.

I am sure a great many of my readers are

Fond of Cats.

Let me recommend to their notice a little book recently brought out by the Rev. J. G. Gardner, called "The Cat: being my Experience of Poor Puss." It is published by E. Clarke, Printing Works, St. Mary Cray, Kent, and can be had from him, or W. Glaisher, 265, High Holborn, W.C., price 1s. 2d. post free. It is a capital little book, and full of interesting information and anecdotes.

To the kindly correspondent who tells me she is much interested in my letters, and was specially so in what I wrote about

Ladies' Fruit and Salad Gardens,

I reply that I am sorry I have not anything more to say upon the subject at present; but there seems to me no reason, as she has a large garden, why she should not make it pay, especially if she lives near a town. People are always so glad to have fresh flowers and vegetables.

Quite by the way, I may mention now that a kindly and

Complimentary Correspondent

seems hurt because I said lately that General Booth has failed to convert the world. But surely, when the greatest, noblest, and truest Reformer the world ever saw may be said to have failed in one sense, inasmuch as His precepts have not been carried out in His way, no one need wonder when instant success does not attend one of those who try to follow the method of the Master.

Please excuse a rather shorter letter than usual. I have had a rather bad accident, and cannot do much this week. MARGUERITE.

CYCLE & CAMERA

With Lieutenant Martos

I had an interesting chat on his return to town from Edinburgh. As he explained to me when I met him at the Cyclists' Club, he had had enough of English roads at this time of the year. The fact that he got along with no English and very little French is rather a proof of how easy it is for the cyclist to manage in a foreign country, if he only has a good route. With a route and pantomime, you can go anywhere.

His recent experiences make one realise how foolish it is for cyclists not to consider the time of year when they start out for a long tour. The *P.I.P.* tourists could not, I believe, start any earlier, but, having covered a great part of the ground over which they have gone, I am quite well aware that, had they set out sooner, they would have had a much pleasanter time. What the cycle enables one to do is to see the characteristic features of a country. But no one who knows Italy and the South of France in both summer and winter would ever think of cycling there at this time of year, nor, indeed, would even the ordinary tourist select this season, if he had any independence and really went to see a country for its own sake.

But there seems to be a set of men who determine to make themselves uncomfortable by starting out at the beginning of the winter just to see what they can do. Of course if they like it, I wish them joy of it. But I don't. Everyone knows that nothing could be more delightful than a spin on a cold, bright autumn or winter day. A plough through the mud, or even an occasional mild spurt on the footpath when you know nobody is around—tell it not to the bobby!—is bracing and invigorating. But to do the same thing day after day, in rain, fog, or mist, is hard work, uninteresting, and unhealthy. But, as I say, there are people who like it.

While my sympathies are quite in favour of reform in the Cyclists' Touring Club, I cannot help thinking that it is a good thing Mr. R. E. Phillips has retired from the secretaryship of the Reform Committee, and been replaced by Mr. J. S. Whatton. While I am one of those who believe Mr. Phillips is only influenced personally by a sincere desire for reform in the club, I must say, most emphatically, that he has an unruly pen, and that the letter which lately appeared in *Wheeling* over his signature was very uncalled for, and the page of correspondence in *Bicycling News* is not calculated to do anything but disgust all right-thinking people. I think that if Mr. Phillips were at the present moment to work a little harder in the club for the reform he is for ever talking about, it would be a little better. I am very glad that Colonel Savile has so far had the good sense to ignore the attack made upon him in *Bicycling News*.

I do hope that C.T.C. members all over the world will remember that they have the power of carrying on this reform movement or stopping it, as they wish. The election papers will go out with the December *Gazette*, and it certainly seems to me that it would be a good plan for the members of the different divisions, or the candidates for these different divisions, to call meetings, and for officers and members to talk over the whole present and future action of the club, as would be done by any other body at any other election. If the membership does not care this much about the largest athletic association in the world, why should it be any longer carried on?

Bath-road Smith is moving for reform in the N.C.U. He wants to have all road-races under fifty miles suppressed, and he announces in a letter, which is very much too long to use, that he proposes to put such a motion on the next N.C.U. agenda. He first proposes that any cyclist shall be suspended for riding any road-race for a lesser distance than fifty miles, and then that anyone, in order to get suspended, in case this motion is passed, must start or finish his race more than twenty miles from Charing-cross. Frankly, I don't understand what he means, and the arguments which he uses to prove his point are very little more intelligible.

N. C. U.

DECIDEDLY DOWN.

Primus: "Does Thorley belong to a club?" Secundus: "Club? Why, that fellow would be blackballed by the Y.M.C.A.!"

OFTEN THE CASE.

"Chatty is a pleasant man to talk to." "Yes; but a mighty disagreeable one to listen to."

Your Child's Hair can be made still prettier. Hinde's Hair Curlers wave without heat. 6d. the box everywhere, or seven stamps from Hinde's (Ltd.), Birmingham.—Advt.

A Fair, Beautiful Skin.—Selsoline Soap gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[Advt.]



MDLLE. GIULIA RAVOGLI AS ORFÈO IN GLUCK'S MELODIOUS OPERA AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THIS is our friend



who doesn't know there is a cure for Neuralgia. Poor fellow! so he sits there and bores himself and everybody, even his mother-in-law, while he hugs his face with hot cloths, and occasionally says swear words. He says Neuralgia is a thing to read about, but to experience, and he is going to have all his false teeth out, to see if that will stop it. If he would only invest 2s. 6d. in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil his Neuralgia would leave him at once, for St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia instantly; it never fails.

Mrs. D. Coast, of Grove Cottage, Sandway, Maidstone, Kent Co., says: "The second bottle of St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of two years' standing."

Mr. Burnival, Master, British Schools, Marshfield, says: "Having suffered from neuralgia, I was quickly and permanently cured by one application of St. Jacobs Oil, after all other remedies had failed."

J. A. Cowap, Chemist, of Church Street, Medhurst, says: "I had an opportunity a few days ago of seeing St. Jacobs Oil used in a case of facial neuralgia, and I must say the effect was instantaneous, the pain entirely disappearing in a few minutes."

W. For more than nine months Mr. Harry L. Agnue, carpenter in the Royal Arsenal, suffered from neuralgia in the head. He could obtain no relief, but a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and cured him.

T. Hann, 45, Stonehill Street, Anfield, Liverpool, says: "I have tried St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and the pain left me after one rubbing."

Jas. McKenzie, corporal, Royal Engineers, Chatham, was nearly crazy with neuralgia in his face and head. St. Jacobs Oil was applied, and the pain ceased at once as if by magic.

St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands of cases of neuralgia which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.



Only a woman's love for cleanliness encourages her to toil unremittingly in the struggle with dirt.

Only those who know that incessant drudgery means the accumulation of trouble, loss of rest, recreation, and nerve-power, causing heartbreaking worry and premature decay—only those who can and will appreciate the difference between a good and bad soap are asked to give a trial to Sunlight Soap, the preservative of health.

We do not ask you to use Sunlight Soap without proving its value for yourself; and, that you may make this trial, we have authorised all dealers to return the money to any dissatisfied purchaser.

Do you love fair play? Then give Sunlight Soap a trial!



A CHEERFUL OLD SOUL.

IT is possible for a woman with increasing years to continue to do laundry work Thousands who would have been laid aside under the old system of washing have proved what Sunlight Soap can do in reducing labour. The cleansing properties of Sunlight Soap save years of arduous toil. Reader, prove Sunlight Soap for yourself: by giving the best article a trial, you will do yourself a real service.

BEWARE!! Do not allow other Soaps, said to be the same as the "Sunlight" Soap, to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every tablet and printed upon every wrapper.

50,000 WATCHES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

2/6 each! EGYPTIAN GOLD CHAINS! **2/6 each!**

In order to introduce our **Egyptian Gold Jewellery** to the notice of the Readers of this Journal, we intend **Presenting a Watch,** as above illustrated, to every Purchaser of one of our **Gold Chains,** which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10. We are daily receiving thousands of unsolicited testimonials. Intending purchasers should **Send at Once** in order to secure this Wonderful **Gift.** Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of **Postal Order or Stamps for 2s. 9d.:** Two, post-free, 5s. 3d.; **Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra.**

The great success which has attended the sale of our **Egyptian Gold Alberts** has induced others to come forward and offer an inferior article at a lower price. Do not be misled by misrepresentations; as a proof of the satisfaction given by us we print a few of the many testimonials received by us daily. Before you buy of us read what our customers say.



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

"9, Cardiors-street, Dalling-road, Hammersmith, May 7, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Seal, also the Watch, and am very pleased with them. Will you send me another Gentleman's Chain and Seal, also the Watch? I enclose Postal Order, 3s. 9d.—Yours, &c., A. Sayers."

"122, Palace-colliery, Bothwell, May 2, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Watch, and was very pleased with them.—Yours sincerely, George Wilson."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. Tweedy."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—Mrs. Leggatt."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, Wm. Cooper."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. Barker."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. Clapton."

"The Lodge, Market Bosworth, Feb. 20, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain, &c., quite safe, and am well pleased with them.—Yours truly, J. Stone."

"Cottage Hospital, Faversham, Feb. 14, 1890.—Gentlemen,—Watch and Chain and Ring received safely this morning. I am very pleased with them. Will you kindly send two Pearl Rings, 20 in your Catalogue, 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.? 6s. enclosed.—Miss Snow."

PLEASE OBSERVE.

NO CHARGE IS MADE FOR THE WATCH.

GIVEN AWAY TO EVERY PURCHASER OF A CHAIN.

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.



Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped, has as good an appearance; answers same Purpose; will stand all Waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 35s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring.
Very handsome (our specialité); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



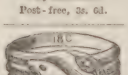
Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.



Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Neat fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.



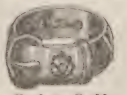
The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.



Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring.
A Perfect Gem.
A Pretty Present.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Buckle Keeper.
Beautifully engraved.
With Polished Buckle.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.



Gent's Massive Blood-Stone Signet Ring.
Really Marvellous Value.
Selling in Thousands.
Post-free, 2s. 6d.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES. HUNDREDS RECEIVED DAILY.

"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 29, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the rings you sent me this morning. Your prices are next to nothing, and the articles very handsome.—Yours sincerely, Edward J. Ford."

"28, Dominick-street, Mullingar, Westmeath, Jan. 28, 1890.—Gentlemen.—I received the two rings this morning, and am very much pleased with them. All who have seen them praise them very much. I shall recommend your goods in this town. I send you herewith 3s. 9d. for chain and locket.—Yours respectfully, "Bernard Reilly."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED AND ENLARGED CATALOGUE FOR 1891, NOW READY, POST FREE.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred.

Only Address— **P. GRAHAM & CO., 277, STRAND, LONDON.** (Near New Law Courts.) No Connection with any other firm.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN: PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA (SISTER OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM) AND PRINCE ADOLF OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.



THE CZAREVITCH, NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH, HEIR TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.

ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN.

The marriage, on Nov. 18, of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Prussia, sister of the Emperor William II. of Germany, and granddaughter of our Queen Victoria, is an event of some interest to the English nation.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale

left London on Saturday to represent the Royal family at the marriage of his fair and accomplished cousin.

Princess Frederica Amelia Wilhelmina Victoria

was born at Potsdam, April 12, 1866, fourth child and second daughter of the late Emperor Frederick III., and of the Empress Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain. Her elder sister, Princess Charlotte, born in 1860, was married in 1878 to the Hereditary Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen.

Prince Adolf William Victor of Schaumburg-Lippe,

born July 20, 1859, is youngest son of the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and his mother was a daughter of the late Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont; he is an officer of the Prussian Army. The two Portraits are from a photograph by W. Höffert, Berlin.

THE CZAREVITCH ON HIS TRAVELS.

Lord Salisbury's happy allusion at the Guildhall Banquet to the Czarevitch's coming visit to India was most felicitous.

Apropos of the Prime Minister's timely remark, we have much pleasure in giving a portrait of the Princess of Wales's illustrious nephew.

Yes: the eldest son and heir of the Emperor of Russia has set forth on a long and important journey, visiting different countries of Eastern Europe, Austria, and Greece, and proceeding to India and China, thence overland homewards through Siberia, which will occupy several months. It is expected that he will visit all the chief seats of government in the Asiatic dominions of the Russian Empire, and will announce to the Siberians the Imperial decision to construct the great Siberian Pacific Railway as soon as possible. His Imperial Highness

Arrived at Vienna

on Nov. 6, as the guest of the Emperor of Austria.

The suite which accompanies the Czarevitch on his journey to India and the Pacific consists of Prince Vladimir Baraiatinsky and Prince Obolensky, Aides-de-Camp of the Czar, M. Onou, Russian Minister at Athens; Prince Oukhtomsky, who has already visited India, and has travelled a great deal in Russian Central Asia and the East, [illegible] Basagin, M. Volkhoff, Dr. Smirnoff, [illegible] painter Jaginsky.

His Imperial Highness, with his Suite, embarks at Trieste, and proceeds, in a Russian



THE ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA (CAPTAIN JOHANN ORTH).

ironclad ship of war, through the Suez Canal, to arrive in Bombay about Dec. 23. After a trip through Rajpootana and Upper India, they

Will Reach Calcutta

about the middle of January. The Czarevitch does not, therefore, travel to Asia by way of Sebastopol and the Black Sea, as at first intended, the proposed visit to the Sultan at Constantinople being abandoned, both on the recommendation of the Porte and on account of the consideration that the appearance of the orthodox heir-apparent of Russia at Constantinople, in the present circumstances, would be sure to lead to rather awkward and inconvenient demonstrations on the part of the Greek clergy and the Armenians.

His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, styled the Czarevitch, or son of the Czar, was

Born at St. Petersburg,

May 18, 1868, eldest child of the present Emperor Alexander III., who was then Czarevitch, and of the Empress Maria Feodovna, who was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister to our own most popular Princess, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. His brother, who accompanies him in this extensive journey, is the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, born May 9, 1871.

THE ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

We are glad to hear that "Johann Orth" has not been lost at sea, as was feared. The Archduke John, who a year ago renounced his Imperial rank and assumed the name of

"Johann Orth,"

had chosen the life of a sailor, and was captain of a merchant-vessel, the Santa Margareta, on the coasts of South America. It is stated that Captain "Johann Orth" contracted a marriage in London last spring with an opera-dancer named Milly Stubel, and that this lady sailed with him in the Santa Margareta from Monte Video, on July 11, bound for Valparaiso. His first officer, named Sodich, was seriously ill, another of his officers was so inexperienced that he had to be left behind, and the second mate had been dismissed. He would have, therefore, to round Cape Horn without any officers at all, but his crew consisted of twenty-six men, all experienced sailors from the Austro-Hungarian marine, and

The Santa Margareta,

a strong, well-built vessel, was well found in every respect, having bread for one year, and meat and other necessaries for eight months. She ought to have arrived at Valparaiso about Sept. 1. But it is known that

Violent Cyclones

raged in low latitudes in the first days of August, precisely the time when it is calculated that the vessel must have been passing Staten Island, the most dangerous point. A number of vessels are known to have foundered during the hurricane. But, happily, "Johann Orth" escaped. The Vienna Correspondent of the *Daily News* wired last Monday: "I just learn from Linz that in the parish church of Gmünden a solemn thanksgiving service was held on Sunday by order of the widowed Grand Duchess of Tuscany. The Grand Duchess is reported to have received a telegram in which the news of her son 'Johann Orth's' safety is announced."

The Archduke John,

third and youngest son of Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, was born in 1850. He was but eight years old when his father was dethroned, and he received his education in Austria. While a subaltern in the army, he served with merit. Later, on attaining general's rank, he began to criticise Austrian military affairs with a freedom which often gave offence, and personal slights provoked him to throw his rank, titles, and decorations to the winds, in the hope that he might make a new career for himself by his own unaided talents.

CYCLING ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE *P.I.P* CYCLISTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY KODAK VIEWS.

Specially contributed to the *Penny Illustrated Paper* by the American Touring Cyclists, MM. William L. Sachtleben and Thomas G. Allen jun., who are touring on the Minnehaha roadsters of the Iroquois Cycle Company, and whose first letter appeared on Oct. 18.

LETTER FIFTH: SOUTH OF FRANCE.

(*To the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Paper."*)

When we arose the next morning, after a good night's rest, we found that the cold atmosphere of last evening had become much more intense, and that the drizzling rain had turned into a light snowfall. Scratching the frost off our bedroom window, we could see the

Snow-covered Mountains

all around us, and, through the crevices in the wall, we could hear the whistling of the wind as it swept down the valley. Bright prospect this for a day's enjoyment of mountain scenery!

After breakfast our somewhat gloomy spirits were not in the least raised by being asked by the hostess to pay for the supper of

A French Gendarme,

who happened to be eating with us last evening. It seemed that this particularly agreeable individual had told her that we would settle the bill, thinking, no doubt, that this much was due him for the honour which he, in his high official position, had conferred upon us by condescending to dine at the same table with us. Being Americans, however, we failed to recognise such obligations, even in the case of a French gendarme.

Having put on two or three extra shirts and our macintoshes, we started out to

Make the Descent.

The scenery round about us was of the grandest character. The low-lying clouds around the mountain-tops seemed to form one vast dome over the valley below, supported by its snow-white walls. In this vast enclosure we felt, for the time, entirely separated from the civilised world, but our delusion was soon dispelled by the whistle of a steam-engine which was winding its way up the mountains on the opposite side of the narrow valley.

In order to keep warm, we were travelling at a very rapid rate down the mountains, when it was our misfortune to meet with a carriage occupied by a lady and two little boys. As we approached we saw that the horse became frightened, but before we could stop he had turned and dashed

Over the Ledge of Rocks

at the side of the road, and down the side of the mountain. Luckily the slope here was very gradual, and covered with soft earth, before long the carriage turned over and threw the horse down. We immediately hurried to the rescue, and, with the assistance of some cart-men on the road, extricated the inmates from the wreck, who were fortunately uninjured, but very badly frightened.

A half-hour later we passed through the picturesque

Town of Murat.

From the mountain side, which we had to climb on our way to St. Fleur, we could obtain a magnificent view of the town and its surroundings. On the top of the mountain peak which rises at the back of the town stands a gigantic statue of the Virgin Mary with the infant Christ in her arms. This and the Crucifix are to be seen all along the roads in those parts of France where Catholicism still exerts a strong influence. After ascending to the

Top of the Mountain

we had a nice level run of about fifteen miles, over a broad plâteau to St. Fleur. As we alighted at the Hôtel de l'Europe for déjeuner, we heard some one behind us remark: "Ils sont les deux Américains qui font le tour du monde en bicylette." The gentleman who made it afterwards introduced himself as M. Burdin, and after a déjeuner with us he took us around the town to introduce us. We tore ourselves away from our acquaintances about two o'clock in the afternoon, and hurried on towards the famous

Pont du Garabe,

which we wished to see, and take a photograph of, before the day began to fade. Though small in comparison with the great Forth Bridge, which we had the pleasure of seeing during our tour through Scotland, this bridge is, nevertheless, a wonderful structure, and does great credit even to

M. Eiffel, its Constructor.

The one large span, which, I believe, is the longest in the world, presents a grand appearance to the spectator below. In resting our machines here for a photograph we failed to fix one of them securely, so that it toppled over and bent one of the pedals. This accident occurred just in front of the house where M. Eiffel and others had lodged during the construction of the bridge: it seemed something like a burlesque for us to be working at the machine here in our rude way with stones and sticks, on the spot where such wonderful mechanical skill had been displayed. Having been delayed over an hour at the Pont du Garabé, we did not reach St. Chely until after dark, where we stopped for the night.

Mende was reached by the next day at noon, and after dinner the ascent made to the top of

Col de Montmirot.

The wind at our back was blowing at a hurricane rate, and fairly carried us up the steep ascent. At the top we obtained a grand view of the rugged, barren peaks of the surrounding mountains. We were told that this was the second time that a bicycle had ever passed this point, at which we were at first a little surprised, but, remembering the ascent which we had just made, we could hardly blame the French cyclists for missing this bit of the

Grandest Scenery in France.

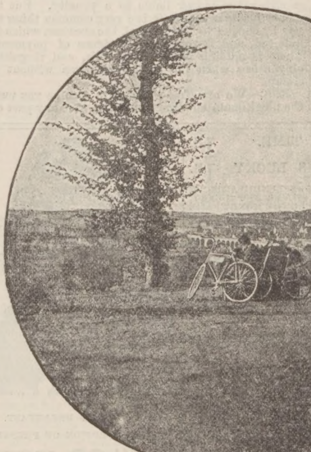
A long descent of seventeen kilomètres brought us to the village of Florac. It was our lot to put up here at one of the meanest hotels of our journey. We could eat only half of the miserable meal that was set before us, and which was served in a room with an atmosphere nearly 32 deg.

The sun was shining brightly next morning as we started out to make another ascent up the Col des Salidés. There was no wind to assist us this time, and we were obliged so walk most of the way. Passing through a large tunnel at the top, we entered upon the Mediterranean side of the mountains which we had been traversing for so many days past. As we descended the slope we could easily perceive the difference in the vegetation.

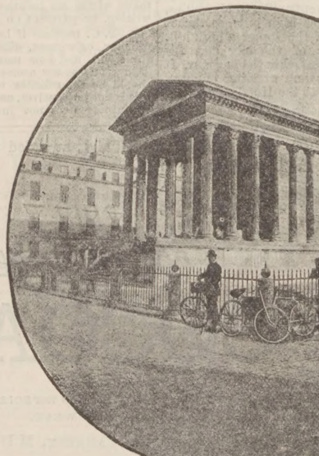
The Green Olive and Fig Trees

smiling upon us beneath the warm Mediterranean sun soon dispelled all thoughts of the cold frowning mountain peaks of a day or two before. From the Col des Salidés there is almost a continuous descent on the road to Nîmes, after the village of St. John du Gard, however, the road is much worse than usual, there being in many place three or four inches of dust and sand. With our cushion tyres and light Minnehahas, however, we were able to proceed without much difficulty; nevertheless, we were unable to reach Nîmes until the next morning, after stopping for the night at a little town called Lediguan, thirty-one kilomètres this side.

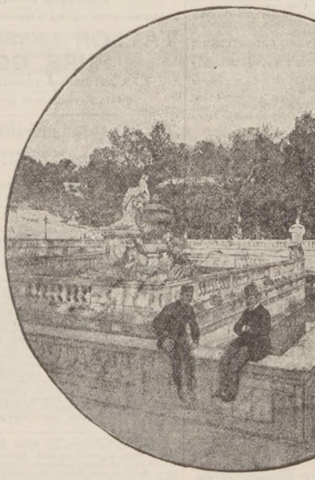
At Nîmes we were received by M. Bertin, the



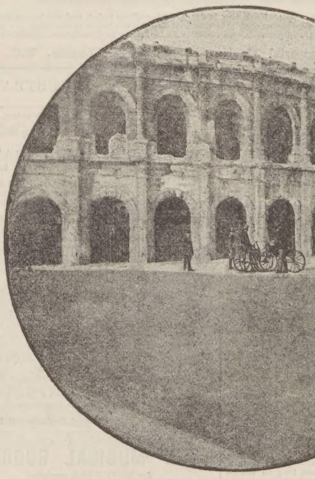
P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN SOUTH FRANCE: KODAKING PONT DU GARABÉ, THE HEADQUARTERS OF M. EIFFEL.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS AT NÎMES: HALT BY THE ROMAN TEMPLE.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN SOUTH FRANCE: ROMAN BATHS AT NÎMES.



P.I.P. CYCLISTS IN SOUTH FRANCE: ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT NÎMES.

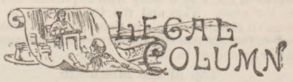
Throat Affections and Hoarseness.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. These famous "lozenges" are sold everywhere at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government stamp around each box.—[Advt.]

One of a Thousand.—"I procured one of your Electropathic Belts when I was suffering so severely from general debility and chronic indigestion. It effected a decided improvement after a week's wear, and I am now infinitely better. My digestive powers are much stronger, and I have less lassitude." The above is an extract from a letter recently received from Mr. Charles Sibery, 1, Queen-street-lane, Dover. All who are interested in the cure of disease by Electricity should call or write at once for descriptive pamphlet and book of testimonials, which may be had free on application to the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. No charge is made for consultation either personally or by letter.—[Advt.]

correspondent for the *Véloce-Sport*, who took great pleasure in showing us about among the many Roman monuments which the city contains. This city, together with Avignon and Arles, which we visited next day, is among the most interesting that we have seen. To the antiquary we can recommend no better field for work or pleasure than these three old French towns. If he would revive in his imagination the history of mediæval times, let him visit the old Palace des Popes at Avignon; or if he would live farther back in the ancient days of Rome, let him sit for a moment in the old ruined amphitheatre at Nîmes or at Arles.

It was after twelve o'clock when we left Arles the next day, so that we had to make a hurried run in the afternoon in order to reach Marseilles by evening. We came in sight of the Mediterranean just at sunset. It was a most agreeable sight to us, after the last week such cold weather, to see this pacific body of water, which has always been associated with a warm and genial climate. From this point it was twenty miles to Marseilles, and much of the way over high hills, so that it was after dark when, on the top of a high hill, we first saw the lights of the city and the shipping as they were reflected in the harbour. It was not long before we were wending our way through the busy streets to the Hôtel de Genève.

(*To be continued.*)



[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROMEO.—The answer to your question depends upon the School Board regulations in your district; but in the cases with which we are acquainted the fourth standard would not do. This is not exactly a legal question; but we may say that in the area of the Metropolis (in which you appear to reside) the powers as to compulsory attendance extend to children under thirteen who have not reached the sixth standard.

H. W.—Yes. Five years are not sufficient, and the debt will have to be paid if proceedings were taken within six months of the loan, admission in writing, or payment on account.

A. B. C. inquires if he makes a will, and if the solicitor, or witness, dies, is it necessary to make a fresh will, and how many witnesses are required. Two witnesses are necessary to a will. One of them should be the solicitor who prepared the will (but this is not imperative), and the death of the solicitor or witness does not invalidate the will; but it is prudent to have a fresh one executed if both witnesses die

O. P.—There seems to be no remedy for a wife in the case to which you refer, except to apply to the guardians or take proceedings in the police court, when the Magistrate can order her some maintenance, but the wife should be prepared to prove the husband's means.

ILFRACOMBE.—You cannot leave the house in such a case as you put, and we think that any jury would say that yours was an ordinary yearly tenancy from Michaelmas. But the safer plan will be for you to give six months' notice, which can be worded by a lawyer in such a way as to "hit off" the end of the term, and be in proper form, whether your term runs from the end of August or from Michaelmas. Your house or its rent is evidently now in the possession of the mortgagee, and mortgagees are generally not inclined to do more repairs than are necessary. You had better try to agree to quit as soon as possible. If not, consult a solicitor as to the form of the notice to be given.

J. J. S.—A receipt for more than two pounds without a stamp is illegal, and renders the person receiving the money liable to a penalty. But in money business affairs it is a very common thing to pay by cheque to the order of the creditor, which is indorsed, and is treated as evidence of payment. There is nothing illegal about this, and illegality only arises when the receipt is given without a stamp.

R. S.—We are afraid, in such a case as you put, the illegitimate children would not take any part of the money; but such a question as this cannot properly be decided without reference to all the terms of the will. A solicitor should be consulted by or for the illegitimate children.

ELDRIDGE.—We never reply by letters to questions, nor can we undertake, as you ask, to act as your bookseller, and furnish you with law-books. The Acts of Parliament to which you refer (bastardy and perjury) are rather numerous, and it would simply be a waste of money for you to buy them. If you proceed against the woman for perjury and you fail, you may be liable to an action for malicious prosecution, and therefore we should advise you first to consult a solicitor.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Towns can now be provided with electric light under the Electric Light Acts 1882 and 1888; that is to say, by a license or provisional order of the Board of Trade authorising the construction of the necessary works. Private persons or companies who desire to undertake such enterprises must give notice to the local authority on or before July 1 in any year, and if you have not given that notice you can practically do nothing until next year. If you have given it, and the local authority has given its consent, then you must take steps at the Board of Trade. See Electric Light Acts 1882 and 1888; and see printed regulations of the Board of Trade, to be obtained of the Queen's printers for one penny.

LEX.

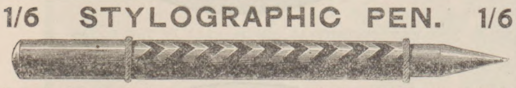
LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.—**GOLD MEDAL** awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE EASILY DIGESTED ECONOMICAL COCOA

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.
"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

1/6 STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. 1/6



Holds sufficient ink to write 20,000 words. Each pen is fitted with a silver point, and can be carried in the pocket, always ready for use. Has a regulated flow of ink, and glides over the paper as smoothly as a pencil.
Post free, 1s. 8d.; Two for 3s. 2d.; larger size, and superior finish, same as illustration, post free, 2s. 8d. Trade supplied.
J. G. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.
Unequalled for Price and Quality.
150 Pretty Cards, by Parcel Post .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
50 Superior Cards, post free .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
An Envelope for every Card with the following Packets:—
25 Beautiful Cards, post free .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
10 Very Choice Cards " .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
6 Elegant Cards " .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
One Card of extraordinary splendour, post free, 1s. 2d.
TRUSWELL and SON, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.



THE FOLLOWING LETTER RECENTLY APPEARED IN THE "BICYCLING NEWS."
A NEW CLOTH FOR LADIES' DRESSES.
"SIR,—When one finds out a really good thing, they ought to let others share the secret. *Bicycling News* is a practical illustration of this theory, so I send the following, not only for your lady readers, but the sterner sex also. A short time since, Mr. Lutas Leathley, Armley, Leeds, sent me some patterns of cloth, with the information that a dress length of six yards, 50 in. wide, would be sent for 10s. 6d. The cloth looked so good, and the price being so trivial, I sent for a length, had it made tailorwise, for which there was ample and to spare, and then waited to try it in a good downpour of rain. I had not long to wait—Jupiter Pluvius, as usual, began to empty his watering-pots, and out I went. Next day, when the dress was dry, I examined it. Not one spot, and no shrinking. So I think that speaks well for the cloth. This cloth is made in all the new shades, the very light ones being subdued by almost invisible threads, woven in the wool. It is very soft, just suitable for the clinging dresses now so much worn. It falls in most graceful folds, and equals a tailor-made gown at five guineas, if made *well* by the dressmaker. Yesterday a friend called, and compared her dress (for which she paid three shillings and twopence a yard) with mine. Mine was superior. She had tried hers in rain—unfortunately for her—it had actually shrunk *two inches*, and she had to buy material to lengthen it. She liked my dress so much that by this time, I have no doubt, there is an order from her and her daughter to Armley. The cloth is suitable for hard wear, and would answer well for gentlemen's unlined coats, the dark greys and navy blue being the best for that purpose. It would be admirable for a tricycle dress, and for home and walking wear equally suitable. Children's dresses, too, both boys and girls, could be made of it with entire satisfaction. I hope some of your readers will try it, if only to indorse my opinion, which I know they will do when they find out how good the fabric is. I have no interest in the firm whatever, but having found a good thing and sent for it, I want your readers to 'go and do likewise.' "CLEOPATRA."
Patterns of these Famous Cloths, in all the newest shades for the present season, will be sent free to any address. The patterns will cost you nothing, *and they need not be returned*. Write at once for a full set of patterns and all particulars, and you will be delighted when you see them.
C. LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO., "WYLWYRWELL" CLOTH MILLS, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

THE MAGIC FEMALE PILLS. BEST, SAFEST, and ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY. NEVER FAILS.
Cures Obstructions from any cause. No Pills or Powders like them. These Pills are not made from Steel, Pennyroyal, Bitter Apple, or any such useless or injurious drugs, but from drugs far more efficacious.
Post free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. a Box.
SIGNOR THOMASSO, Westminster Bridge-road, London.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC.
A COMPLETE NOVEL by Florence Warden, Author of "The House on the Marsh," &c., entitled "MISSING—A YOUNG GIRL," Fully Illustrated, appears in
CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC AND COMPANION for 1891. Now Ready, price 6d.
This year's issue consists of 96 PAGES, and contains particulars with Portraits of the "Champions of the Year" in various Sports and Pastimes, together with a record of their achievements.
CASSELL AND COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate-hill, London.

Now ready, Part 1, price 7d.,
CASSELL'S NATURAL HISTORY.
Edited by Prof. P. Martin Duncan, M.B., F.R.S., assisted by eminent Scientific Writers. With about 2000 High-class Illustrations.
"Unquestionably the best popular general work on zoology which has yet appeared."—Field.
With Part 1 is issued a LARGE TINTED ENGRAVING.
CASSELL AND COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate-hill, London.

Now ready, Part 1, price 6d.,
A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. With Full-page Original Illustrations, expressly executed for this Edition.
With Part 1 is issued a series of FOUR MAPS, printed in Colours, showing the Countries of Europe at important epochs.
CASSELL AND COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate-hill, London.

16 pages Monthly. ONE PENNY.
THE MUSICAL BUDGET
for NOVEMBER contains
THE SONG THAT REACHED MY HEART.
A LITTLE WHILE AGO. Clifton Bingham.
THE BALLAD-MONGER. Humorous Song.
And 12 other Songs and Piano Pieces, &c.
One Penny, of all Newsvendors; or 1½d., post free, of HART and Co., 22, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.
Vol. I., New Series, 1s., Now Ready. 207 pieces of Music. Of all Newsvendors, 1s.; or post free, 1s. 2d., of HART and Co.
The NOVEMBER NUMBER, One Penny, of
THE VIOLIN BUDGET
contains
TWENTY SOLOS, &c., FOR THE VIOLIN. TUNEFUL MUSIC for ALL PLAYERS.
Of all Newsvendors, 1d.; or, post free, 1½d. of HART and Co.

1s. WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PACKET. 1s.
We will send Forty-eight Popular Songs, one on a sheet, tinted paper, finely printed. Twenty Portraits of the world's Celebrities. Twenty Pictorial Views of the most beautiful scenes of the world, each on a separate sheet, superbly engraved and elegantly printed. Twenty-four new and curious samples. Twelve wonderful Puzzles. The Magic Cards. The Young Conjuror, consisting of twelve amusing tricks. How to Reveal a Person's Thoughts. The Shadow Pantomime, for Winter Evenings. A Splendid Compendium of Games, comprising Draught Board, Draughts, and Chess Men. Race Game, with horses, complete, and Go Bang and several other amusing games. Sixteen splendid Photographs of celebrated pictures after Landseer and other well-known Artists. A packet of this season's Christmas Cards (alone worth One Shilling), together with one of our grand Illustrated Christmas Catalogues (forty pages), all sent, carriage paid, on receipt of postal note for One Shilling. Address: THE UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

TO LADIES.—An Infallible Remedy for all obstructions and irregularities. Particulars for stamped envelope. Genuine Testimonials. MEDICUS, Glenroy, Fawcett-road, Southsea.

WHO TO MARRY.—What to avoid.—The secrets of the future and your character foretold by the Oracle. Infallible mechanical marvel, very curious and mysterious, post free two stamps.—ZODIAC, 278, Strand, London.

1s. BE IN TIME. 1s.
1s. CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOXES. 1s.
EVERY BOX CONTAINS a SPLENDID ARTICLE of ASSYRIAN GOLD or SILVER JEWELLERY, WORTH AT LEAST DOUBLE THE MONEY PAID.
MANY of the BOXES will be FOUND to CONTAIN PRIZES SOLD by RETAIL JEWELLERS at from 10s. to 15s. each.
STERLING SILVER WATCHES WILL FROM TIME TO TIME BE INCLUDED.
The Magnificent Collection of Jewellery consists of ASSYRIAN GOLD Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, Necklets, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Victoria Alberts, Gem Rings, Albert Chains (marked 18c. on every link), Scarf Rings, Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Charms, Gold Pencil-Cases, &c.
1s. JUST READ THIS. 1s.
To every Purchaser of one of these Lucky Boxes I will present, Free, a Bonus Packet for dull Evenings' Amusement.
1s.—BONUS PACKET.—1s.
CONTAINS
100 beautiful Relief Scraps, for Albums, &c.; also Six splendid French Chromo Pictures; also a Cure for Love; also a Comical Curious Love-Letter; also Mother Shipton's Prophecies; and last, but not least, a LOVELY ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CARDS.
Remember, all the above given FREE with the LUCKY BOX.
This is, without doubt, the most extraordinary Shilling's-worth ever offered; and, as this Advertisement may not appear again, early application is requested.
Remember, the CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOX and the BONUS PACKET ALL FOR ONE SHILLING; or, carriage paid, 15 stamps; two for 2s. 3d.
Readers will therefore CUT THE COUPON OUT, and say how many required. We feel confident that they will delight all. Each article will form a suitable and handsome present for those who wish to have something to give away. Being makers, we are enabled to supply articles that can be viewed with admiration at one half the usual retail price.
DO NOT MISS THIS GRAND OPPORTUNITY.
We have no hesitation in announcing this the GREATEST DISTRIBUTION in the Jewellery Trade.
The Coupon must be sent, in all cases, with name and address written very plainly.
As the demand for these articles is expected to be very great, the EARLY RETURN of COUPONS will prevent delay in delivery. All Coupons will be taken in rotation as they arrive.

P.] LUCKY BOX COUPON. [I.
This Coupon entitles the holder to one or more LUCKY BOXES and BONUS PACKETS, carriage paid. One for 1s. 3d., Two for 2s. 3d., Five for 5s.
The Two Lots for the price of One.

Stamps taken, but Post Office Orders preferred, as they are much safer, made payable at Matthias-road.
JOHN J. CARTER, WHOLESALE JEWELLER, &c., MATTHIAS ROAD, LONDON, N. Established 1870.

THE NEW MODEL STEAM-ENGINE.—Will work by steam for half an hour. Strong metal boiler, flywheel, man-hole, furnace, &c., complete. Carriage free, 15 stamps.—J. J. CARTER, Matthias-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.

1s. 6d. GOLD! GOLD! 1s. 6d.
For Eighteen Stamps I will send, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY, An ASSYRIAN GOLD CURB or FETTER-LINK GENTLEMAN'S ALBERT CHAIN.
The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.
J. J. CARTER, Importer, MATTHIAS ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

1s. PHILADELPHIA POCKET 1s.
1s. TIME INDICATOR. 1s.
(Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, crystal glass dome, patent adjusting swivel ring for attaching to watch-guard. Each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years. Post free, 1s. 3d. Two for 2s. 3d.
J. J. CARTER, Importer, MATTHIAS ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

NO MORE MATCHES.



THE AUTOMATIC MAGIC POCKET LAMP.
Patent No. 17,120.
Opens and Lights with one single pressure of the thumb.
GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE CENTURY.
Size of ordinary match-box.
Best Quality Nickel Plate, price, with 1000 lights, 5s.
A light sufficient to illuminate a large room in a second with one hand only. Most useful under the pillow.
J. CHANCELLOR, 5, HATTON GARDEN, E.C.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—Valuable and never-failing remedies for all irregularities and obstructions, however obstinate or long-standing, and never fail to bring about the desired effect, as testified to by hundreds of cases; it is without a parallel in medical science; avoid useless pills; has saved thousands trouble, illness, and expense; stamped envelope for price list; numerous testimonials.
P. D'ASMAIL and CO., Connaught-road, Walthamstow.



DELIGHT TO MAID & MASTER
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.
NUBIAN BLACKING softens and preserves the leather, giving a Brilliant Waterproof Polish equal to patent leather to Boots, Shoes, and all Leather Articles.
Applied with a Sponge attached to the Cork.
It beats the world as a HARNESS DRESSING.
Lasts a week on Gentlemen's & a month on Ladies' and Children's Boots.
MUD CAN BE WASHED OFF AND POLISH REMAINS.
Sold Everywhere, at 1s. & 2s. per Bottle. Reject Substitutes.
LUSTRE MUSCOVITE for Brown Leather Boots, Bags, Harness, &c. Best Article made. Self Polishing. 6d. per Bottle.
Manufactory—95 to 98, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON, E.C.

FOR BREAKFAST.
THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.
A SOLUBLE COCOA.
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE COCOA.
AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.
Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.
TAYLOR BROTHERS,
MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

LYCEUM. — RAVENSWOOD. EVERY EVENING, at Eight. Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. Gordon Craig, Miss Marriott, &c. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five, and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

DRURY LANE.—The NATIONAL THEATRE.
AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING at 7.45.
A MILLION OF MONEY.—Messrs. Charles Warner, H. Nicholls, H. Standing, C. Glenney, A. Beaumont, M. Quinton, Stanton, &c. Mesdames J. Millward, F. Brough, A. Lingard, Claremont, Dacre, &c. Prices: First Circle, reserved, 3s.; front row, 4s.; dress circle, 5s.; front row, 6s.; stalls, 10s. 6d., Boxes (to hold four), two guineas; to hold eight, four guineas; Royal Box, six guineas. First Tier Boxes, to hold four, one guinea. Second Tier Boxes, to hold four, 16s. Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Box-office open from 10 a.m. all day.

ADELPHI. — A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New and Original Drama by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, entitled THE ENGLISH ROSE. At 7.15, THE LITTLE SENTINEL. Miss Clara Jecks, &c.

NAMES FOR BOOKS.
100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, 4, St. Michael-terrace, Maidstone.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. The Safest Medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Cure Sick Headaches.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Cure Indigestion and Wind.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Cure Nervous Depression.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Restore the Appetite.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Strengthen the whole System.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Mild, but effectual.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Stand Unrivalled.
The best Family Medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS are wrapped in a square green package, bearing the name of the Proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.

FITS. EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS.
If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to THE SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.

TOO FAT. DR. GORDON'S Elegant Pills
Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

KINGSBURY'S XMAS CARDS.
50 Good Cards, 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d. Champion Lot. 50 Better Cards, 2s. 6d.; free, 2s. 9d. Exhibition Lot. 50 Best Cards, 5s.; post free, 5s. 3d. Academy Lot. Good-Luck Packet, 12 for 1s. Sunbeam do., 24 for 2s. 6d. 250 Scraps, Chromos, 1s.; free, 1s. 2d. Wonderful Lot. KINGSBURY'S 5s., 10s., 20s. Trade Packets, post free. P. L. KINGSBURY, Denmark-hill, London, S.E.

FUR BOA, very dark brown, real Russian tail, 10 ft. long, very full and soft, perfectly new, value 55s., sacrifice 18s. 9d.—rare chance, genuine fur.—Mrs. P. I. JAMESON, 73, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W.

ALL UNMARRIED who would like to see a true and genuine photograph of their probable future Husband or Wife should send a stamped addressed envelope and one stamp. Curious as this may appear, it is nevertheless a fact. Address, The A. D. PHOTO AGENCY, 336, City-road, London.

GLAZING SHIRTS and COLLARS. MADAME MABEL'S LINEN ENAMEL supplied to the principal laundresses in Great Britain. No polishing iron required. Sample per sample post, 6 stamps.—9 T, Horder-road, Fulham, S.W.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL (Patent).
With Indiarubber Vacuum Arrow which will adhere to the Target and indicate the score. Will not break glass or mark furniture. It is highly amusing & perfectly harmless. A New Lawn and Parlour Game, which all ages enjoy.
Bronze Pistol, with Arrow and Target, 2/-
Nickel-Plated Pistol, Arrow, and Target, 3/6



Size of Pistol, 8 in.
It brings happiness into every family, and is a most suitable present for young and old.
Sold by all Toy, Fancy, and Sporting Goods Dealers. Agent for Wholesale Trade—
LEWIS WILD, 13, Edmund-place, London, E.C.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.—NOISES IN THE EARS.—The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON will be happy to give advice, free of cost, to any sufferer. Over twenty years' experience. New Treatise, post free, 6 stamps.—Address, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

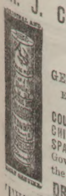
HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE? SHAKESPEARE. TIS READY.
BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT.
Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing.
S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

DEAFNESS CURED SAFELY, RAPIDLY, and PERMANENTLY by USING "EARLENE."
Which has Restored the Hearing of Thousands. Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Cherry Orchard, Croydon, writes: "Before I used 'EARLENE' I could not hear the trains whistle; but before finishing one bottle I could hear the birds sing in my garden." Price only 1s. 1½d. a Bottle, of Chemists; or post free 2d. extra, from THOMASSO'S Depôt, Westminster Bridge-road, London, S.E.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Reg.). The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

MARVELLOUS FRENCH HAIR and Moustache-producing Fluid, 1s. 3d. Instantaneous Corn Cure, 1s. 3d. (Government stamped). Valuable pamphlet free. Patronised by the nobility. G. STOTHARD, Crown Works, Welwyn, Herts.

"MYSTERIA."
The new Special Guide to Married and Single Life. Not to advertise any doctor or medicine. 144 pages, limp cloth, gilt; post free as a letter, 1s. 3d. BOETHOS PUBLISHING CO., 30, Lord-street, Liverpool.

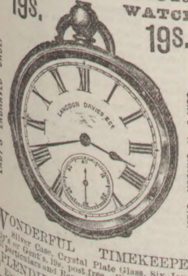


DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

CAUTION:—
GENUINE CHLORODYNE.
Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 39, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 200 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Send for LIST OF CHRISTMAS GOODS, NOW READY.

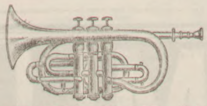
THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER 19s. WATCH 19s.



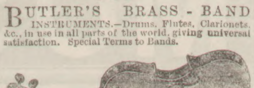
LADY'S ENGRAVED CASE. GENT'S—A LARGER SIZE.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Silver Case, Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lady's or Gent's, 19s. post free. Written Warranty. Full particulars and Remarkable Testimonials in our SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE. Elegantly Illustrated with 1100 Engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" &c., sent Gratis.
50s. ENGLISH LEVER. 50s. Capped, Jewelled, and warranted. Marvellous value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED
THE "KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d.; Keyless Ditto, 9s. 6d. Marvellous and genuine. Guaranteed timekeepers.
DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; large Silver Brooch, 1od.; Imitation Diamond Earrings, 1od.; Horseshoe Scarf-Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Hall-marked Albert, 6s. 6d. All genuine Silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; also Gold Jewellery, Electro-Plate, and Cutlery. Every Pattern Illustrated. SEND POSTCARD FOR CATALOGUE.
C. LANGDON DAVIES and CO., Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham. WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For Sample, &c., enclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.



BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS.—Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction. Special Terms to Bands.



BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Guitars, Banjoes, Flutes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to £10.
29, HAYMARKET, LONDON.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST POST FREE.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS' ("Tower" Organ Works), 45, Leman-street, London, E. (late 29, Minories). Established 1827.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

DON'T READ THIS!

Unless you like Music. One of our facile self-instructors is presented gratis with every instrument. Price lists free. Violins. Complete outfits with bow, resin, self-instruction book, &c., 6s. 6d., 7s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 21s. Banjoes, 5s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 11s. 3d., 15s., 23s. Bugles, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 9d. Zithers, 5s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d. Cornet in case, 23s. Flutes, 2s. 10d., 3s. 3d., 6s. 6d. Mandoline, 25s. Melodeons, 5s. 2d., 6s., 8s. 6d. Concertinas, 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Nigger Wigs, 1s. 5d. Bones, 1s., 2s. Nigger, black or red, 8d. Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. Fairybells, 8s. 6d. Ocarinas, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. Dulcimers, 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. Set of 5 violin strings, 1s. 2d. Set of 6 banjo strings, 1s. 2d. Music, songs, &c., at trade prices. A single article at wholesale price and carriage paid. The STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S dept.), 31, Moorgate-street, London.

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.

Why spend years in learning the Piano by Music? when



RITCHIE'S MUSICAL CHORD-INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of music to vamp accompaniments to thousands of songs (in all keys) and play dozens of pieces, waltzes, &c., by ear in one week. Price, 1s. 1d., or with Book of Songs and full instructions complete, post free, 1s. 8d. W. RITCHIE, MAPLE ROAD, ANERLEY, LONDON, S.E.
(Please state name of this Journal.)

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET. Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No polishing iron required. Particulars free.—LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

HAIR REMOVED

PERMANENTLY, Root and Branch. Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope. J. G. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.C.

---

3 STOPS THE WONDERFUL ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE 3 STOPS

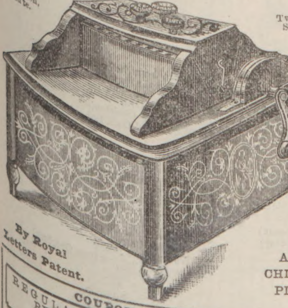
(By Royal Letters Patent.) *Hundreds of Testimonials.*

A FOUR GUINEA ORGANETTE FOR ONLY **35s.**

3 STOPS. Vox humana, Expression, and Flute.

WE are the sole Proprietors in the United Kingdom for this New and Wonderful Instrument. Having for many years manufactured and sold enormous quantities of Automatic Reed Organs, Organettes, &c., it has ever been our aim to produce at a Low Price an Organette capable of a **VARIETY OF TONES**, the Organettes heretofore placed before the Public having but a limited compass, and but one range of tone. While we have given universal satisfaction, we still have had as our motto "Excelsior," and now can exclaim, "Eureka!" because, without increasing the price of the Orchestral Organette (our latest production) over other instruments in the market, we have succeeded in producing the very **ACME OF MUSICAL INVENTION**, an instrument with as much variety of tone as an organ costing £25. The Illustration gives you but a faint idea of general make and finish; but every Orchestral Organette is supplied with **28 FULL-SIZED AMERICAN ORGAN REEDS**, the same size and quality as those used in a cabinet organ. The reeds are placed in a novel manner (patented) over a double suction bellows, and are controlled by **THREE STOPS**, as follows—viz. Flute, Expression, and Vox Humana. The music is produced by perforated sheets, which pass around the Organette in endless bands, enabling a tune to be played over and over again without stopping, furnishing the **GRANDEST ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS**, either in sacred, secular, dance, or vocal music, affording a rich, sonorous, and powerful accompaniment to the voice, requiring absolutely no skill in the performer, and **THE RANGE OF MUSIC AND TONE IS PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED.** By the manipulation of the stops, a tone as soft and sweet as a zephyr or a loud, long, and swelling melody may be produced; trills and high falsetto, as well as reverberating bass, and all manner of combinations at the will of the performer.

Two complete Sets of Reeds.



A MERE CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

By Royal Letters Patent.

COUPON.
REGULAR PRICE, £4 4s.
REDUCED PRICE, £1 15s.
GOOD UNTIL DEC. 25, 1890.
Signed, J. Draper.

Any reader of this Paper who forwards this Coupon before the date named herewith can receive ONE Orchestral Organette at reduced price of £1 15s.

We wish to introduce one of these Orchestral Organettes in every town and village in the United Kingdom. We caution you against the many worthless automatic instruments being sold under various names. We are the SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE (ne plus ultra), and you must order direct from us or through our authorised agents. Remember, the Orchestral Organette is **NOT A TOY**, but a **LARGE** and POWERFUL INSTRUMENT, built exactly on the principle of **CHURCH ORGANS**; they are made in the most substantial manner, highly polished and decorated in gold. The reeds are the product of machinery costing thousands of pounds, and are so powerful they produce sufficient volume of music for the drawing-room, chapel, lodge, or ball-room. There is nothing about them to get out of order. They positively improve with age, producing richer and sweeter tones after having been used a few years. For **HOME ENTERTAINMENTS THEY ARE UNSURPASSED.**

Bear in mind that each instrument has **FOURTEEN MORE REEDS** than any other Organette in the world, and they are ORGAN REEDS, and the special feature is **THREE STOPS**, a characteristic of no instrument except a costly organ. Our regular price for the Orchestral Organette is Four Guineas. Having just decided to introduce it before the public, we will sell a limited number to the readers of this Paper at £1 15s. **UNTIL DEC. 25, 1890**, provided the above Coupon is cut out and sent with order not later than the date given in it, and we further agree to **REFUND THE MONEY** and **PAY CARRIAGE** to anyone not entirely satisfied after receiving it. By the aid of the Stops—viz. Expression, Flute, and Vox Humana—there is not a piece of music which cannot be played with all the varying effects of an orchestra; a false note is an impossibility, and the most difficult music is played with as much ease as the most simple hymn. In many homes will be found a Grand Piano or Organ, with not an inmate of the household, even the most expert player, who can interest company so well as a child of three years old can on the **ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE**. Remember, any tune can be played with artistic effect by anyone, young or old. You can play **DANCE, SACRED, OR SENTIMENTAL** music with as much effect as that produced by a **FIRST-CLASS FOUR-PIECE ORCHESTRA.**

Remember, our regular price is £4 4s.; but as we have found a well-pleased customer our best advertising medium, we have decided to sell a limited number, as an introduction to the Readers of this Paper, at £1 15s., provided the Order is received not later than the date printed in the coupon immediately beneath the illustration of the Organette. We will give a selection of **MUSIC, FREE**, with each Instrument. Send money by Registered Letter, Crossed Cheque, or Money Order to **J. DRAPER, MANAGER, BRITISH ORGAN CO., BLACKBURN.** For 2s. extra the Organette will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom, Carriage Paid. List of Tunes and Testimonials sent anywhere free. Visitors can inspect the Factory daily from Nine a.m. to Seven p.m. Saturdays close at noon.

N.B.—ABOVE TIME IS EXTENDED FOR FOREIGN CUSTOMERS.

£500 CHALLENGE. We will give £500 to anyone who can prove we ever solicited a testimonial, or that any in our catalogue are not genuine. From Oct. 1 to Oct. 18 we received over fifty Testimonials for our Orchestrals; surely this speaks for itself.

GRATEFUL — COMFORTING.
EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.
SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS. CHRISTMAS 1890.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

50,000 CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. DON'T MISS THIS! SEND AT ONCE FOR OUR GRAND MONSTER

CHRISTMAS PARCEL

BETTER THAN EVER. CUSTOMERS DELIGHTED.

1S. CHRISTMAS CARDS and NOVELTIES. 1S.

Extraordinary Value! Selling by Thousands. THE TALK OF LONDON. Unanimously declared by the London Press to be, without exception, the

LARGEST & BEST SHILLINGS-WORTH OF THE SEASON.

No Lottery! No Blanks! Sterling Value for All. The Parcel contains the whole of the following splendid Assortment of superior goods, and cannot fail to astonish and delight every customer:—

BEAUTIFUL COLOURED RELIEF SCRAPS.
A complete set, illustrating, in sixteen clever and most comical Pictures, the adventures of Mother Hubbard and her Favourite Dog, ever welcome among the young folk, and afford an excellent source of amusement.

ART GEM PANEL.
Very chaste, thick, bevelled edge card, with Christmas wish, blocked in gold and made with stand. A very pretty present.

MECHANICAL EASEL CARD.
Artist's portfolio, resting on easel when opened, representing a pretty model landscape.

THREE BIRTHDAY AND LOVE CARDS,
with selected verses, suitable for enclosing in presents, &c.

NOVEL CHILDREN'S MECHANICAL CARD.
Pair of very handsome Crystographs, a perfect substitute for
STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

Three Shillingsworth of Charming
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS.
A carefully selected parcel of One Dozen choice 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., and 6d. designs, including some very artistic Cards with gilt and silver bevelled edges, which alone are worth more than the price charged for the whole parcel.

And lastly, in addition to the above marvellous value, we present gratis a very handsome new
SILK LACE EDGE TOILET TIDY.
Well worth 1s., and sure to be admired.

The whole of the above marvellous Shillingsworth will be sent, post free, 14 stamps, or two, differently assorted, 26 stamps. P.O.O. or Postal Notes preferred.

Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of Christmas Novelties, three stamps.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO.,
16, 18, AND 20, SIDNEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.
(Established 1851.)

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.



AFTER USE. AFTER USE.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., and 6s. P.O. preferred.
T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

HINDE'S PATENT HAIR CURLERS.

USED WITHOUT HEAT.

BRIGHT METAL. SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR. Imitations which are absolutely useless are offered. See that the words "Hinde's Patent" are on the box. Of all fancy dealers; or Sample Box, Seven Stamps. HINDE'S, LIMITED (London); and METROPOLITAN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

GIVEN AWAY with every 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK—Caution! the original and genuine, requiring no heating—a Voucher entitling Purchasers to Name in full or Monogram Rubber Stamp, for marking linen or paper, with Pad and other Metals. Royal Ink Maker, Works, 75, Southgate-road, London. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, Name in Rubber, 7½ stamps.

EASY IS THE HEAD
CROWNED BY ONE OF
Dixon's Elastic Felt
REGD TRADE MARK No. 67270

HATS!

They are Light in Weight, and
Fit the Head Perfectly
the first time they are tried on, and are therefore
EASIEST FOR WALKING,
SAFEST FOR RIDING,
MOST LUXURIOUS FOR DRIVING,
NEATEST FOR BUSINESS,
BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES,
Prices, 4/- to 7/6.

N.B.—Every Hat has the above Name and Trade-Mark Stamped on the Leather.
Over 300 Agencies already Established.
Nearest Agent's name, and illustrated sheet of shapes, will be sent on receipt of postcard.
If no Agency yet in your town, the above illustrated sheet will enable you to select a shape, and you can order it through your Hatter, to whom it will be sent per post by the Sole Maker—

T. W. DIXON,
Hat Manufacturer,
DENTON, near MANCHESTER.

WANTED EVERY LADY to send for the WONDERFUL PARCEL, containing: 1 Beautiful Lace Apron (special value), 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards Nottingham Lace, and 12 Engravings. Carriage paid for 1s. 6d. A Packet of Beads presented with every Parcel. W. COTTON, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MEN OUT OF HEALTH with Pimples, Blotches, Unhealthy Sores, Wounds, &c., arising from an impure condition of the Blood, or suffering from General Weakness and Debility, should write to-day for free advice. Messrs. WILKINSON, Baker's-hill, Sheffield. Established 60 Years. Send for the "Mirror," in envelope, free.

Post free, 7d.,
RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by J. A. SHERMAN, Hernial Specialist, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.—London: GIBBS, SMITH and Co., 10, High Holborn.



WE will send a FULL DRESS LENGTH of our FAMOUS "WYLWYRWELL CLOTH," in any of the following colours, Carriage Paid to any address, for 10s. 6d.—Colours: Black, Blue, Green, Fawn, Salmon, Réséda, Tabac, Slate, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Ruby, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sage, Terra Cotta, Peacock, Smoke, Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Navy, Heather, and all the Newest Colours for the Present Season. These wonderful 10s. 6d. Dress Lengths have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and durability, having no equal. They are imitated by many, but equalled by none. They wear for years, always keep their colour, and we guarantee that they will neither shrink nor spot with rain. They are manufactured specially for us, under our own personal supervision, and we have every confidence in recommending them to readers of this Journal as a thorough substantial, hard-wearing material. They are strongly recommended by all the leading Newspapers and Journals in every part of the British Isles.

READ WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS SAY!

From Mrs. Verrion, Police Station, West Street, Chailey, Sussex, 25th September, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the patterns, which I received safely this morning. I have had the pleasure of again making my selection for the third year. I am so pleased with your cloths I cannot refrain from recommending them to my friends. I must say that when I first saw your advertisement, I thought it would prove a failure and fraud, but since I have had the pleasure of getting them I cannot tell how pleased I am to get such extraordinary cloth for the price. I must tell you that two years ago I selected one of your green cloth dresses, and went to Brighton in the roughest weather, when the sea was at its highest, and myself and friend almost got wet through with sea-water, and when the dress was dry again, I could see no spots or any discolouring whatever. Wishing you every success. Yours, &c., "Mrs. VERRION."

We have received Thousands of Testimonials equal to the above from all parts of the world.



GRAND PRESENTS TO ALL PURCHASERS.

£1000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

We shall GIVE a Very Handsome BROCADED SILK HANDKERCHIEF with each Dress Length ordered from us during this season. These Handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white or cream. When three dresses are ordered at the same time, we give THREE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, and also ONE PAIR of Dent's very best quality 4-button FRENCH KID GLOVES, in any size or colour.

AN INVITATION.

We invite every reader of this Journal to write for Patterns of these beautiful 10s. 6d. Cloth Dresses. We send the Patterns FREE to any address, so that ladies who write for OUR Patterns have not the trouble and expense of returning them. With each set of Patterns we send Fashionable Designs for "Wylwyrwell Cloth Dresses" (specially designed for the coming season); also copies of Testimonials from many well-known ladies, and opinions of the Press. Write at once for a full set of Patterns, and all particulars, and you will be astonished when you see them.

C. LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO., CLOTH DRESS WAREHOUSE, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

NOBLE'S SERGES

For Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's wear, in all styles, colours, widths, and qualities, from 5½d. to 12s. 6d. the yard.

Such a large collection of diverse styles in Serges cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Everyone should see them, and buy them, as they stand UNRIVALLED for appearance, economy, and wear; in fact, if they have a fault at all, it is that they wear too long.

WRITE AT ONCE (naming this Paper) for Pattern Books, post free on approval, and see for yourselves the MARVELLOUS VARIETY and CHEAPNESS. Noble's New Illustrated Catalogue should be in every home. Send for a copy gratis, and post free.

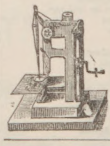
JOHN NOBLE,
Serge Warehouse, MANCHESTER.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

The "LADY" says: "Hutton's Cambric Handkerchiefs are wonderfully cheap." The "CHRISTIAN WORLD" says: "Hutton's Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs are unusually good at the price."
Children's Size .. .. 1s. 3d. per doz.
Ladies' Size, 2s. 3d. per doz. | Gents' Size, 3s. 6d. per doz.
HEMSTITCHED.
Ladies' Size, 2s. 11d. doz. | Gents' Size, 4s. 11d. doz.
Samples and Price List of Handkerchiefs and Hand-made Irish Linen free to all parts. Carriage paid on all parcels over 10s. in United Kingdom.
G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, BELFAST.

3/6 SEWING MACHINE 3/6

(Patented No. 7309.)



Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no trouble; no teaching. It works fine or coarse materials equally as well. Sent, carriage free, 4s.; two for 7s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials. Call and see them at work. Agents wanted. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55 and 56, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

FREE TO ALL

Send a Postcard to-day for a Sample of WILLIAMSON and SONS' BROKEN-LEAF TEA at 1s. 5½d. per lb., and compare it with any 2s. 6d. Tea in the World. The greatest phenomenon of the age in Tea.
Kindly mention this Paper.
WILLIAMSON and SONS, Wholesale Tea Blenders, 139, Upper Thames-st., London, E.C.

DELIGHTED ARE THE LADIES

who use Allwood's Patent Minerva Taper-headed Double-grooved Needles. EASY to Thread and EASY to Sew with. Samples Free on receipt of Two Stamps from the SOLE MANUFACTURERS of Minerva Needles,
WM. ALLWOOD and SONS, ALCESTER.
Established 1796.
Sold by Drapers Everywhere.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand.
TWO PER CENT on minimum Monthly Balance of Current Accounts when not drawn below £100.
STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY
BUNTER'S NERVINE
Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction, Sleepless Nights Prevented
Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

BROOME'S MUSIC

2d EACH POST FREE OR 13 COPIES 2s.

The Printing and Paper of this Edition are without an Equal.

All copies FULL MUSIC SIZE and Guaranteed CORRECT.

An Extract from "DOROTHY":—

"The pieces are got up equally as well as the more high-priced music."

OR 13 COPIES 2s. 2d EACH POST FREE

SONGS (WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT).

THOSE MARKED THUS * HAVE BANJO ACCOMPANIMENT AD LIB.

3 A boy's best friend is his mother
443 A flower from mother's grave
6 Ah! he kissed me when he left me
7 A life on the ocean wave
10 Anchor's weighed, The
12 Annie Laurie (Scotch)
14 A sweet face at the window
15 Auld Lang Syne (Scotch)
16 Auld Robin Gray (Do.)
17 Away, away to the mountain's brow
18 Baby mine
19 Bailiff's Daughter of Islington
20 Banks of Allan Water, The
469 Barney, take me home again
21 Bay of Biscay, The
22 Beautiful Dreamer
23 Beautiful Isle of the Sea
25 Beautiful Star
27 Be kind to the loved ones at home
28 Belle Mahone
29 Belle Mahone's Reply
30 Ben Bolt
34 Birdie has come
35 Birdie, you must never tell
36 Bloom is on the rye (Bishop) in G
37 " " " in B
39 Blue Bells of Scotland, The
41 Bonnie Dundee
47 By the margin of Zurich's fair waters
48 Caller Herrin' (Scotch)
49 Call me back again
50 Campbells are coming
51 Canadian Boat Song (3 voices)
54 Cherry Ripe
55 Chiming Bells of long ago
56 Close the shutters, Willie's dead
57 Come, birdie, come
58 Come home, Father
59 Come, lasses and lads (Maypole song)
61 Come, sit by my side, little darling
62 Come where my love lies dreaming
64 Comin' thro' the rye
66 Cottage by the Sea, The
67 Cradle 's empty, baby 's gone
68 Cruisken Lawn
69 Darling Minnie Lee
70 Day when you 'll forget me, The
71 Dear little Shamrock of Ireland. *F. Johnson*
72 Dear mother, I've come home to die
73 Do not heed her warning
74 Don't be angry with me, darling
75 Don't flinch at the first hard blow
76 Do they miss me at home?
77 Down among the dead men
78 Down by the riverside I stray
79 Driven from home
82 Emancipation Day (from "Uncle Tom's Cabin")
83 Evangeline
84 Exile of Erin, The
86 Farewell, Leonora (Ah, che la morte)
87 Fire in the Grate
89 Fly, little bird. *H. Miller*
90 Fondly of thee. *G. Linley*
91 Footsteps on the stairs
93 Gaily the troubadour touch'd his guitar
95 Gipsy's Warning, The
96 God Save the Queen
97 Golden locks are silver now
98 Good news from home
99 Good night. *H. Miller*
100 Good Old Jeff
101 Grandfather's Clock
103 Hail, smiling morn (Glee)
104 Hard times come again no more
105 Hardy Norseman
106 Hark, I hear an angel sing
107 Harp that once thro' Tara's halls
108 Heart bow'd down
109 Hearts of Oak
111 Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
112 He said he'd see me home. *G. B. Allen*
114 Home again
115 Home once more
116 Home, Sweet Home
117 Homeward bound
120 Huntingtower (Scotch)
121 I am a Friar of orders gray
434 I am waiting my love's return
123 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
124 I hear sweet voices sing on high
437 I'll meet her when the sun goes down
470 I'll take you home again, Kathleen
127 I love to think of the days when I was young
409 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary
128 In her little bed we laid her
129 In my dreams she appeared ("Martha")
130 Isle of beauty, fare thee well
131 Ivy Green, The
135 Jessie, the flower of Dumb'ane
137 Just after the battle, mother
139 Just before the battle, mother
140 Kate Kearney
142 Kiss but never tell
143 Kiss me and I 'll go to sleep
144 Kiss me, mother, ere I die
145 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
147 Lass of Richmond Hill, The
148 Lass o' Gowrie (Scotch)
149 Last Rose of Summer, The
150 Let me kiss him for his mother
151 Life is a river. *Nelson*
152 Light of other days. *Balfe*
154 Little bunch of roses
155 Little church around the corner
156 Little Laughing Kate
157 Little old log cabin in the lane
158 Little sister 's gone to sleep
159 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me
160 Look before you leap. *H. Clifton*
162 Love among the Roses
163 Love was once a little boy. *J. A. Wade*
164 Macgregors' gathering (Scotch)
165 Maid of Athens (original)
166 Maid of Llangollen, The
167 March of the Men of Harlech
168 Marseillaise Hymn, The
169 Mary of Argyle
170 Meeting of the waters
171 Meet me by moonlight alone
172 Meet me in the willow glen. *A. Lee.*
173 Miller of the Dee, The
174 Mill May
175 Mill Wheel, The
176 Minstrel Boy, The
178 Mistletoe Bough, The
179 Mocking Bird, The
180 Mollie Darling
181 Mollie Dear
182 Moon (The) is out to-night, love
183 Mother, bear me to the window
184 Mother kissed me in my dream
186 My heart and lute
187 My heart's best love
188 My love to all at home
189 My mother bids me bind my hair
*436 My Nellie's blue eyes
190 Nellie Ray
191 Nelson, The death of
192 Nobody home but me
193 Nobody's darling but mine
194 No one to love
195 Norah, the pride of Kildare
197 Oft in the stilly night
198 Oh dear! what can the matter be?
200 Oh! gently breathe
201 Oh! say not woman's heart is bought
202 Old arbour tree, or Belle Brandon
*203 Old folks at home (Swanee River)
205 Old Sexton, The
206 Old Towler
207 Only an ivy leaf
208 Only a pansy blossom
403 Only to see her face again
211 O ruddier than the cherry. *Handel*
212 Our hands have met (False Friend)
213 Out in the snow
214 Outlaw, The
215 Pilgrim of Love
217 Pilot, The. *Nelson*
218 Please give me a penny, sir
219 Poor old Joe
223 Pretty Pond Lilies
220 Put me in my little bed
221 Reply to Mollie Darling
223 Rich and rare were the gems she wore
224 Riding on a load of hay
225 Ring my mother wore
226 Ring out the bells for Christmas
227 Ring the bell softly
228 Ring the bell, watchman
229 Robin Adair
230 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
231 Rock me to sleep, mother
233 Rose of Allandale
234 Roses underneath the snow
235 Rule, Britannia
237 Sally in our alley
238 Say a kind word when you can
240 Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled
241 See that my grave 's kept green
242 Shadows of the old church
*456 She's as bright as the morning star
*435 She's the only girl I love
408 Ship that never returned
244 Silver moonlight winds are blowing
245 Silver threads among the gold
*457 Sitting by the fireside
459 Soldier's farewell (The Bugle's sounding)
247 Soldier's tear, The
248 Somebody whispered so sweetly
249 Some folks do
250 Some one to love
413 Song that reached my heart
252 Speak gently
253 Starlight Nell. *J. W. Cherry*
255 Still I love thee
256 St. Patrick's day Parade
*458 Strolling home with Rosey Posey
257 Such a merry girl am I. *H. Miller*
260 Sweet Village bells
261 Sweet Violets
262 Take this message to my mother
363 Tell me, little bird. *H. Miller*
264 Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
265 Tell me, my heart. *Bishop*
439 Terence's farewell to Kathleen
266 That's the man for me
267 Then you'll remember me
407 There is a flower that bloometh
268 Thorn, The
269 Those Evening Bells
270 Three Fishers went sailing
272 Tight little Island, The
273 Time may steal the roses, darling
274 'Tis but a little faded flower
275 Toll the bell
276 Tom Bowling
277 Tom Tough
279 True as the stars that are shining
280 Under the willow she 's sleeping
281 Vacant Chair
282 Vicar of Bray
284 Waiting. *Millard*
285 Wait till the clouds roll by
286 Wapping Old Stairs
287 Watching for Pa
288 Watch on the Rhine
289 Wearing the Green
461 Welcome, little robin
290 What is home without a mother?
442 When the leaves begin to turn
291 When there's love at home
441 When the robins nest again
292 When the swallows homeward fly
293 When the tide comes in. *Millard*
294 When you and I were young, Maggie
295 Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
296 Where are my schoolmates gone?
297 Where the bee sucks
298 White Wings
*410 Who's that calling so sweet?
299 Who will care for mother now?
300 Why are you wandering here, I pray?
301 Willie, we have missed you
302 Within a mile of Edinboro' town
303 Wolf, The
304 Won't you buy my pretty flowers?
305 Woodman, spare that tree
306 Woodpecker, The
307 Write me a letter from home
308 Yankee Doodle
309 Ye banks and braes
406 Yes, let me like a soldier fall
310 You can't tell what you can do till you try

SACRED SONGS.

2 Abide with me
4 A day's march nearer home
8 A light in the window
11 Angels ever bright and fair
13 As pants the hart
26 Before Jehovah's awful throne
32 Better Land. *Henry West, R.A.*
44 Brightest and Best
45 Brightly gleams our banner
53 Charity. *S. Glover*
81 Dying Christian to his Soul
85 Faith. *S. Glover*
94 Gates ajar for me
113 Hold the fort
118 Hope. *S. Glover*
119 How beautiful upon the mountains
122 I do believe
126 I know that my Redeemer liveth
134 Jerusalem the golden
136 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by
138 Just as I am
141 Kind words can never die
209 Onward, Christian Soldier
210 O! Paradise, O! Paradise
422 O! rest in the Lord ("Elijah")
216 Pilgrims of the night
232 Room among the angels
236 Safe in the arms of Jesus
239 Scatter the seeds of kindness
243 Shall we gather at the river?
251 Sound the loud timbrel
258 Sun of my soul
259 Sweet by-and-by
271 Thy will be done

VOCAL DUETS.

1 A B C
9 All 's well
60 Come o'er the moonlit sea
88 Flow on, thou shining river
125 I know a bank
146 Larboard Watch
425 List to the Convent Bells
177 Minute gun at sea

COMIC SONGS.

5 A frog he would a-wooing go
24 Beautiful! Nice!
31 Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother
33 Biddy, the ballet girl
38 Blue Beard
40 Bom! Bom! Bom! or, Jingle, Jingle
42 Brannigan's Band
52 Captain and his whiskers
63 Comic history of England
65 Cork Leg, The
421 Dutch Clock Man. *Arthur Lloyd*
80 Dutchman's Leetle Dog
92 Free and Easy
102 Grandma's Advice
110 He isn't a marrying man
*438 I had 15 dollars in my inside pocket
432 I owe ten dollars to O'Grady
132 I won't be a nun
133 Jemima Brown. *H. Clifton*
153 Little Brown Jug, The
427 Little peach in an orchard grew
161 Lost Child
185 Mulligan Guards
196 Now we 've got a baby
199 Oh! dem golden slippers
204 Old King Cole
*455 Passing the time away
418 Ten Little Niggers (easy)
440 Right from the bottom of the say
246 Skying the Copper
254 Steam Arm, The
460 Terry O'Rann
433 Tipperary Christening
454 Who killed Cock Robin?

PIANOFORTE SOLOS.

312 Air Louis XIII.
348 Batiste's Andante in G
394 Belle Mahone (easy)
450 Blumenlied. *G. Lange*
420 Carnival de Venice (easy)
324 Chatelaine, La
391 Come, Birdie, come (easy)
325 Corricolo Galop (easy)
326 Country Dances (set of six)
327 Cujus Animam
395 Ecoutez-moi
440 Edelweiss. *G. Lange*
396 Farewell, Leonora ("Trovatore." Easy)
416 Gloria in Excelsis (easy)
338 God save the Queen (easy)
340 Hallelujah Chorus
342 Harmonious Blacksmith
405 Hirondelles, Les (The Swallows. Easy)
344 Home, Sweet Home (easy)
347 Kathleen Mavourneen
430 List to the Convent Bells
444 Low back'd car (easy)
353 Maiden's Prayer
419 Marseillaise (easy)
358 Marv'lous works ("Creation")
361 Mulligan Guards Galop
363 Musical Box, Imitation of a
453 Pasquinade. *Gottschalk*
451 Ray of Sunshine
393 Ring the bell, watchman (easy)
432 Robin's Return
413 Rose len's reverie
370 Rule, Britannia (easy)
417 See the conquering hero comes (easy)
392 Silver threads among the gold (easy)
373 Silvery Waves (easy)
375 Stephanie Gavotte (easy)
378 Sympathie (La) Waltz
412 Zampa. (Subject from Overture)

PIANOFORTE DUETS.

400 Belle Mahone (easy)
397 Come, Birdie, come (easy)
401 Farewell, Leonora ("Trovatore." Easy)
431 List to the convent bells
402 March of the Men of Harlech (easy)
399 Ring the bell, watchman (easy)
423 Rosey Posey Waltz (easy)
398 Silver threads among the gold (easy)
429 White Wings Waltz

MARCHES.

329 Dead March in Saul
444 Dreams of the past
339 Grand March (easy). *Blake*
447 Heavenwards
350 March from Norma
467 Marche Funèbre. *Chopin*
396 March of the Men of Harlech (easy)
445 Mocking Bird
362 Mulligan Guards
371 Signal, The
376 Sultan's
383 Warrior's joy
385 Wedding March (Mendelssohn's)

WALTZES.

316 Arabian Nights
319 Bird
320 Blue Danube (easy)
321 Bright Star (easy)
328 Das Spinnrad
330 Dewdrop
331 Die Fledermaus
332 Doctrinen
334 Drum
404 Dutch Doll's (easy)
466 Fairyland (easy)
336 Fairy Wedding
337 Fesche Geister
346 Journalisten
350 Lilien Kranze
462 Louise, or Passing the time away (easy)
354 Manola 355 Manolo
359 Mollie Darling
364 Neu wein
424 Pretty Pond Lilies
369 Rosey Posey (easy)
426 " " Duet (easy)
464 Song that reached my heart
378 Sympathie, La
386 Weiner Blut
387 Weiner kinder
388 Wein, Weib, und Gesang
428 White Wings
429 " " Duet
389 Write me a letter from home

POLKAS.

313 Alpine Horn
315 Anglo-Russian
317 Azalia
323 Camelia
345 Jenny Lind
352 Lola Montes
365 Opera
374 Slap Bang
372 Snowdrop
377 Sweet Kiss
381 Village Chimes
465 Who's that calling so sweet?

QUADRILLES.

311 Agnes Sorel
314 A Merry Christmas
318 Belle Mahone
322 Caledonians, The (original)
333 Driven from home
348 Lancers Quadrilles (original)
351 Little Folks (easy)
357 Marquis of Lorne
367 Rats, The
368 Real Irish
390 Young Folks

SCHOTTISCHE.

341 Handsome girl
343 Highland
349 Laughing Kate
360 Mountain Belle
336 Rainbow

ESTABLISHED 1845. HOLBORN MUSIC STORES. ESTABLISHED 1845.

W. H. BROOME, 15, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

Publisher of "The Banjo in Eight Lessons." Post Free. One Shilling.